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The Failure

By CONRAD GELLER, '51



"Bobby" Merrill drew little circles on his desk. With a funny and drowsy feeling inside, he sensed a rising sensation in his stomach. He turned his head to the side to look at the sharp outlines of everything in the winter air. In the far-distant reality he heard a shuffle of feet as some one got up to recite.

The day would never end. The clock would never move; it was broken and would never again herald the ringing of the bell. "Bobby" Merrill did not care. He had a problem which demanded solution; and as he sat, he thought over possible answers.

Nobody would know that he did not intend to go to the Valentine Dance. He would get sick at the last minute. He would be very sorry . . . No, he wanted to go with all his heart. More than that, he wanted, more than anything, to go with "Sandy". For one second he left the dull surroundings and found himself magically in the soft semi-darkness of the dance floor. There was the welling flow and flood of leisurely conversation. There was the elusive mystical feeling of a good time; and there was "Sandy", standing beside him and talking softly.

Then he was back in the classroom, making more little circles on the desk.

He tried to recapture the feeling; but it was gone to wherever day-dreams go, leaving behind only a feeling of mixed pleasure and consternation.

"Sandy" would not go with him; no need to ask. She would probably wear the red dress he liked so much. She would be smiling and fresh. But she would be with "Steve" or with "Stan"; not with him.

Perhaps he knew why she had begun to give him the *run-around* . . . to have 'loads of homework', which prevented her from talking to him on the phone for long or going on their usual week-end dates. It was hard to admit that she had tested him and found him wanting. "After all," she had said, "a girl likes a boy she can brag about. Take Steve, for instance, or 'Stan.'" They were on the ball teams; they were both two-letter men. They had looks; they were on the Class Committees; they . . . Oh, heck! They were perfect.

He had to admit that she couldn't brag about him. He was just another person. There was nothing about him that was wonderful or even unusual.

The bell rang, and all he had accomplished was a zero for inattention.

The day was finally over. He grabbed his coat and books and piled out of the school with his friend, "Herbie". "Herbie" was in a gay mood. "Herbie" played football and was considered a good dancer.

"Herbie" said, "Gad, man; what a gay universe!"

"Yeah."

"Don't you understand? I called Doris today. She's going with me to the dance!"

"Swell."

"Who are you going with, my friend?"

"My mother; who else?"

"Come on, pal; out with it. Sandy?"

"I dunno. Maybe I'll ask Dottie."

They boarded the streetcar and rode in silence for a while. Then "Herbie" slapped him on the back. "Gad, man;

you have no idea how much I looove that woman!"

"You have told me, my boy. Many times."

He was faintly glad to get off at Copley Station and be alone again. "That's right," he thought, "I'll call Dottie. And if Dottie says no, there's always Charlotte, or Ronda, or Jo, or . . . yeah, I can call; but I might as well not go. I won't have a good time."

He climbed the three flights of stairs to his apartment and threw open the door. He turned on the radio softly and settled down to try to do some homework.

There was something else—brains! He didn't flunk anything, but he wanted algebra to come to him, as it did to some of the fellows. It wasn't any fun to have to study all the time to get a mark that made he geniuses say, "Pretty good, but look at what I got; and I didn't even open a book last night."

In the mood he was in, a half hour of study was enough for him. He settled back and listened to the radio. After a while he got up and shut off the music. He picked up the telephone and dialed.

"Hello, Dottie . . . Bob . . . Yeah . . . look. How about the dance next Saturday? . . . You're going with Nick? . . . O. K. . . . See you . . . 'bye."

It was no use. Anybody who was going to the dance had already made plans.

At supper he ate quickly, without a word. His mother said to him, "Do you remember Norma, who took care of you when I was away?"

"Uh."

"Well, she moved to Minneapolis; and now she's coming here for a visit."

"That's nice."

"She has a daughter, if you remember. Just about your age. Pretty, too, as I understand it."

"Bobby" Merrill knew his mother like a book. He quietly placed his fork on his plate and put his hands to his already disheveled hair. He groaned aloud. "Don't tell me. I know. 'Take her out. Show her a good time.' That's what you said when that cousin Barbara came here. Cut it out. Have a heart!"

He might have saved his breath. He knew he never had a chance. His mother said, "It's up to you. I don't care. But if you were a good son . . ."

"All right. I give up. What's her name?"

"Ann."

He remembered the name vaguely. Oh, yes, Ann. His first love. As he remembered it, she wasn't too bad-looking at all. He thought of the dance. Why not?

He said, "Look, I'll make a deal with you. I'll take her to the big dance Saturday if you'll pay the bill. Fair enough? After all . . ."

"Fair enough," she said.

Well, this was better than he had hoped for. His money problem would be solved in one fell swoop; and, if the girl was all right, it might serve to show "Sandy" that he wasn't altogether useless; that he could at least get a girl.

It was a gamble, of course. If this Ann turned out to be a definite screwball, it would be worse than nothing; it would be thought that he had invited her in desperation. But it was worth a try . . . Anything was.

On Saturday, with the sun setting in the west, "Bobby" Merrill bathed and dressed with a nervous urgency, and tried to fight down the perspiration gathering in his palms and under his shirt collar. This was it. Within an hour he would know whether the evening would be one of embarrassed hiding from his friends or one of pride and triumph. One look would be enough.

Eight o'clock finally came; and with it his arrival at the hotel, where his mother's friend was staying.

The door opened to his knock, revealing a stout, middle-aged woman, who looked ridiculous in the red lounging slacks she was wearing. She was pleasant and grey-haired, and he liked her immediately.

"Why, you must be Rita's boy Bobby. My, how you've grown! I knew you when you were this high. Ann will be out in a few minutes. Say, you look just like your father. How is everybody at home, anyway? You remember me, do you? . . ."

(And on and on *ad infinitum*.)

And then he turned and saw Ann. She wasn't pretty, but still "Bobby" was greatly relieved. She would pass. Her dress was the kind one generally takes when traveling; not frilly, but neat. She wore what he thought a good shade of lipstick for her very black hair; and, thank Heaven, she wore none of the fancy jewelry that he considered ridiculous in a girl. She would certainly do. In fact, under the circumstances, she was the best that could be hoped for.

"Sandy" was there with "Stan," and she was wearing the red dress.

Ann could dance the way he liked. She could talk about the things he could talk about. She was a "swell kid", but she wasn't "Sandy." Maybe "Sandy" didn't know politics and sports as this girl did; but she was "Sandy," and it was "Sandy" that he liked. You just can't explain those things.

The evening went along tolerably and uneventfully until ten o'clock. At that time he was dancing with Ann to one of those slow, dead numbers and talking. The girl could draw him out and make him feel important and worthwhile. He was telling her about the time he won the essay contest, when she said to him, "Never mind that now, brother. You impress me as a young man with a problem. What's the story?"

He said, "No. Not at all."

She opened her eyes comically and crinkled her forehead. "Ah, yes. Mentions I see the light. Boy madly, passionately, despairingly in love with girl. Girl, however, going to dance with rival. Boy in despair concedes to go with Midwestern hick he doesn't even know. Boy at this moment wishing rival and hick would drop dead simultaneously. The plot thickens."

"Oh, no. You're wrong."

Somehow, women had a way of disregarding him entirely. She said, "Who is she?"

He opened his mouth for a new denial, but she beat him to the punch. "Never mind. It's elementary, you know. You have been casting glances at that petite little brunette. She, then, is the villain."

The music had stopped. She dragged herself and him over to where "Sandy" and "Stan" were sitting and got herself introduced.

It turned out that she could be an excellent flirt if she chose to be. She artfully turned her conversation away from "Sandy" and soon was having a genuine *tete-a-tete* with "Stan." Soon he was dancing with her, and "Bobby" found himself with "Sandy," all alone. He talked to her and danced with her, and it was Heaven without restriction. It was an extra dividend for which he had not bargained.

Then the thought struck him as he realized that these few minutes with her did not solve anything. He was still a failure,

and so she still did not want to waste her time on him. This was just an accident, an unavoidable situation for her.

Ann came back on "Stan's" arm, and they were both laughing immoderately.

"Sandy" said, "Come on, Stan; let's go. I've got to get home pretty soon."

Ann winked at "Bobby" and whispered in his ear, "Jealousy!"

He whispered back, "Thanks." And he meant it.



SPREIREGEN

Some time later that night "Bobby" Merrill lay on his back and thought about the events of the evening, as he always did. He had agreed with her in her dislike of Swinburne and Pope, and her liking of Ogden Nash and Walt Whitman. He disagreed on her idea for a firm policy with Russia. She preferred a man-to-man over a zone defence. She was vitally alive and informed on all subjects. They had sat on a couch in the hotel lobby and had talked and talked and talked.

They had talked mostly, however, about "Sandy" and him. Or rather, he had talked; and she had listened.

He thought, "If only I could be something . . . do something worthwhile! Then perhaps she . . ."

He suddenly sat bolt upright in his bed. Everything was clear to him all at once. He had certain talents, and no more. He could do only certain things. Whether he was a failure or not depended on who was judging. Ann, he realized, did not consider him a failure.

Ann had talked of her family coming to live permanently in Boston. He would like that very much.

Brief Interlude

BY WILLIAM J. KIERNAN, '49

It was a road of small white farms nestling in the shadow of brooding barns and sheltering elms; of old square homes built by shipbuilders and shipmasters; of lilac-scented Junes, and meadows rich in the odors of mallow and sweet-grass; of irregular stone walls; ancient taverns; solid, mellow little towns happy in the possession of architecture and tradition and family pride; of long stretches of pine woods, cool and fresh in the late-summer heat; of birch-clad slopes, forests of oaks and maples, swelling fields and flat salt marshes shimmering mistily in the warm summer sun; of life-giving breezes from the strip of deep blue at the far edge of all things.

The land is as fertile in names and traditions as with autumn crops—Accord and Hanover, Queen Ann's Corners, Assinippi, and Marshfield: quaint names and quaint places. Nature had outdone herself in the latter township. It was not the mighty grandeur of the Grand Canyon or the awesomeness caused only by expanse and mightiness and bigness, as in our West, but rather a breath-taking love-



SPREIREGEN

liness in little things—leaves tinted as delicately and as finely as any Rembrandt or DaVinci; tree-trunks gnarled and warped into figures that would rival Cellini's workmanship.

As we were watching the passing panorama, the road had gradually narrowed. Suddenly the metamorphosis was complete, and our car was pitching and rocking along a narrow dirt road. We were about to turn back and search for more settled areas, when we burst out of the woods onto one of the most beautiful and tranquil scenes that have ever rested the eyes of man. Even the fitful breeze that

had thus been relieving the heat of the Indian Summer day seemed to hold its breath in awe.

It was a lovely meadow that so graced our eyes, with cows grazing in the distance and ringed around with the forest. Through the middle of the little glade bubbled a brook, which formed at one point a pool so placid and so smooth that the reflected clouds might have been parts of the pool itself. The stream, which flowed so smoothly at first, seemed midway through the meadow frightened at its own exposed condition, scampering like a "timorous beastie" across the remainder of the field and disappearing into the shelter of the friendly forest.

Off to one side was a small hillock, the top of which was fringed with stately poplar trees, like points on a diadem. In the middle of this circle was a modest monument, the inscription on which proclaimed to all the world that here was the final resting-place of Daniel Webster. The grass was knee-deep in places, and the monument itself was chipped and in a general state of disrepair. We were probably the first people in months to visit this place. For, indeed, how many people even know who Daniel Webster was? "Sic transit gloria mundi".

For a while, you see, he was the biggest man in the country. Although he never got to be President, there were thousands of people who trusted him second only to God Almighty. They told stories about him like the tales of the old patriarchs in the Bible. They said that when he stood up to speak, the stars and stripes came right out in the sky and Heavenly music was heard all around. A man with a mouth like a mastiff, a brow like a mountain, and eyes like burning anthracite—that was Daniel Webster in his prime.

Such thoughts as these filled our minds as we stood there for an eternity or more, motionless and silent, just thinking. The sun was slowly sinking, and night was coming on quickly, as it does in these regions. Suddenly we were startled by a spanking wind blowing through the poplars. (Was it wind, or was it a myriad of singing voices?) Dark, scudding clouds blotted out the sun, thunder

clashed, the ground began to shiver and the trees to shake, and a deep voice was heard rolling in the hollows of the sky.

"Neighbor," it said, "how stands the Union?"

"She stands as she stood," I cried,

"rock-bottomed and iron-clad, one and indivisible."

The clouds rolled back, the wind melted away, and the sun shone brightly. A beautiful rainbow appeared in the sky, and it was red and white and blue.

The Secret Life of Peter Higgy

BY ALLAN KLIMAN, '50

Peter Higgy broke into a run as the bell rang and scurried into his Latin period just one minute late. The master looked at him and said, "What's the matter? Don't you like this class?"

"Well, sir," replied Peter. "It is a trifle boring."

"That's enough!" countered the teacher. "Take five marks!"

"Five marks, Herr Higge, for every allied plane you shoot down," said the Kapitan. Luftwaffe Ace Higge flicked the ashes from his ersatz cigarette and smiled coldly. "Then by tomorrow night you shall owe me at least fifty marks."

"Nothing will give me more pleasure than to pay you," said the Kapitan. "But we have no more gasoline. How will you fly?" Luftwaffe ace Higge thought a moment, puffed on his cigarette, and said, "I shall use cleaning fluid." . . .

* * *

Comrade Higgoft put a new magazine on his "tommy" gun and barked, "Who's to be disposed of next?" His assistant replied, "Some poor fish caught reading a pocket-size travelogue. Capitalistic tendencies, no doubt." He pushed a bedraggled form against the execution target. Rat-a-tat-tat! "All for the cause!" shouted Comrade Higgoft, as any good executioner would. "Who's to be next?" asked the good comrade.

"A backsliding member, of the Farmer's Union," replied his assistant. "Is that so?" queried Higgoft. "You know, I'm President of the local chapter."

"Not any more you aren't," said the assistant, as he grabbed the gun from Higgoft's hands and pushed him against the target. Rat-a-tat-tat! "All for the cause!"

"And that was the scene of a very bloody battle," explained the master.

"When Q. Docturius Publius visited the place, at every step he saw bones."

* * *

"Shcalpel! (Hic) Forsheps! (hic-a-hic) Shishorsh! (burp) Doctor Higgdare was at work. "Did you ever see such a rummy? Look at his hands shake!" whispered the nurses among themselves.

Higgdare had been a promising young surgeon before his desire for whiskey brought him down in the world to the status of hospital janitor. But just a few minutes ago, the only available regular surgeon had collapsed in the middle of a delicate brain operation. Higgdare had left his broom and was now undertaking to finish the operation. In spite of his shaking hand and the nip he took every few seconds, he finished the operation in a few minutes. After he had sterilized the incision with the last of his whiskey and closed the wound, he hiccuped wearily. Then he turned to the woman who was anxiously standing in the doorway and said, "Madame, the operation was a shucshesh. Your poodle will live!"

* * *

"The homeleson will start on Page 497," said the master.

* * *

"497" smiled wanly as they slit his pants' legs. Then they buckled him into the electric chair. "When the bell rings," said the warden, "the switch will be pulled, and this case will be dismissed."

"No! No!" screamed Al Higgone. "You can't give me the hot seat! I'm too young and handsome to die!"

"Ready with the lever, sergeant," barked the warden.

"No! Please!" squealed "497".

" . . . and may God have mercy upon your soul . . ."

Riiiiing-a-lliiing!

"Class dismissed."

The Rose-Colored Glasses

BY THOMAS S. DOHERTY, '51

(The following narrative is part of a very interesting incident which occurred some three years ago. At that time a student at an Eastern college was sitting at his paper-littered desk, stabbed to death with a ball-point pen. The police, finding no clues or reason for murder, called it suicide under severe mental strain. It was not until later, when a cleaning-woman in the process of practicing her profession found the following letter, evidently written by the victim with the murder weapon. Upon reading it, the authorities conclusively and satisfactorily closed the books on the case.)

Most of the guys who graduate from Latin go to Harvard, B. C., B. U., M. I. T., or other high-class institutions; not me, I went to ——— Barber School. Discovering I didn't have enough money for tuition, I decided to resort to that old American custom known as "working one's way through college." My method was high-pressure salesmanship of a rare product—"Riley's Rose-Colored Glasses, Guaranteed to Make the Saddest Sack a Happy Jack." Don't ask me why I happened to choose such an outrageous item, but I did. Maybe it was because of the 100% profit. Who knows?

One day I was just about ready to quit, when I came to a large, white colonial house with sea-green shutters, set far back from the street. Fascinated by the sea-green shutters, I went up the stairs onto a small porch. My first greeting was a slight electric shock when I touched the bell. Startled, I jumped back, and just in time; for a big man with a big squash-like head, big ears, and big round eyes, and flashing a big, toothy smile shoved the door open and bounded out.

The air was filled with peals of laughter. "Ha, ha; quite a little gimmick there, isn't it?" said he, hardly able to control his ebullient emotions. "Rigged it up several years ago; but right after I did that, people stopped coming here, and it's been quite a long time since I've had the pleasure of hearing anyone ring the bell!"



Convulsed, he led me into the house and bade me sit down.

"Sir," I said, ("Sir" was a word I had learned at school.) "I have here a little gimmick called—"

"Oho!" he interjected. "Working your way through college, heh? Reminds me of the days I was in college. (Here he broke out into another hyena-like peal of laughter.) Had a teacher then, sort of a queer duck, used to read magazines, and eat egg sandwiches all the time. Well, once we set a fire-cracker under him, and he never even noticed it till he landed in Cheyenne, so they say!"

By now I had become accustomed to the laughter, so that when he went into another hysterical fit, I scarcely noticed the incessant cackle.

"What were you goin' to say?"

"I was saying I have here a little thing called Riley's Rose-Colored Glasses; they . . ."

It was really an effort to speak, in view of the competition.

Again he butted in. "Oh, my: what they won't come out with next! Why, I still remember the time the Wright brothers were down at Kitty Hawk; we

were just kids then. People said they'd never get two feet off the ground. Well, sir, us kids, devils that we were, put a tack on the seat and . . . (More laughter. By this time I knew just what happened to the "flying Wright Brothers.) . . . Well, sir, they took off all right, and not just two feet, either; but all of seven feet in the air."

You guessed it; more laughter.

"Well," said I, "these glasses, rose-colored, are guaranteed to make the saddest sack a happy jack!"

"Quite a slogan! Yessiree, quite a slogan; but I'm afraid you're wasting your time with me. Never sad, I am. Why, I remember the time old Aunt Sophie died. Nearly laughed myself sick at the funeral! Scared her to death, I did, when I dropped a dead smelt down her back."

More laughter.

"Say," he said, "how about a glass of milk?"

Needing something to bolster my mo-

rale, I readily assented. He went out and soon returned with a glass of milk. I took a big gulp, but I never swallowed it; it was spiked—with a lively little frog. I prepared to make a hasty exit.

"Must you go so soon?" he asked. I couldn't get out of that house *soon enough!*

Finally, as I left, curiosity got the better of me, and I asked, "Tell me, since nobody comes here any more, what do you do for amusement?"

"Why, I listen to Spike Jones records; they're the funniest things! I just got the latest one, and you should hear what they do! They . . ."

I never *did* hear what they did; I slammed the door in his face.

On the way home I plotted how to do away with myself; life wasn't worth living after that! At length I arrived at the ball-point plan.

Do you at all wonder why I do what I am going to do?

A Footnote to Literature

By DAVID H. FLIGHT, '49

I have just finished reading a book¹ which struck me as being particularly good,—in fact, the best since the author's² last book.³ One fault, however, keeps rearing its ugly head; the foot-notes drive

one "batty." How can one concentrate on the text when one's eye is constantly being drawn to the bottom of the page⁴? One is reading along, vastly interested in tales about Dickens⁵, Stevenson⁶, Thack-

¹ *An Introduction to Nineteenth Century Literature.*

² F. Van Waldermann Schlucktzinger.

³ *An introduction to Eighteenth Century Literature.*

⁴ Like this.

⁵ Charles Dickens (1812-1870). English novelist, baptized Charles John Huffham. In the years 1824-25, young Charles was forced to do the meanest work imaginable. Later, after becoming a successful novelist, Dickens made a prolonged visit to the United States, but could not have been greatly impressed. For instance, at a testimonial dinner, Dickens with his best English accent, said, "Ah-merica-ah—phooey!" To which the chairman (master of ceremonies), a staunch patriot, replied, "Gesundheit!"

⁶ Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894), baptized Robert Louis, an author of great intellectual powers. *CF.*, his *THE RAIN*.

The rain is raining everywhere,

It falls on land and sea.

And if your mother lets you out,

It falls on you and me.

was written on a sunny day. Conversely, however, the romantic isle of Tahiti produced only

"The faithful cow all red and white

*I love with all my heart
Because she gives me milk and cream
To eat with apple tart."*

⁷ William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863), baptized William Makepeace. This man is perhaps the greatest of novelists; author of "Vanity Fair" and "Lovell the Widower." A serious-natured man, Thackeray never contemplated doing anything with levity; in fact, saw nothing of a humorous nature in his

"Don't hitch your wagon to a star,

Young man; for as a rule

'Twill prove by far more practical

To hitch it to a mule."

Thackeray (along with Stevenson) is a perfect example of an egotist; i.e., he always uses all three of his names, (Stevenson does, too); but you never see a book by "Charles John Huffham Dickens."

⁸ Charlotte Bronte (1816-1855), one of the famous team of "Bronte and Broute", from whose pens came such books as *JANE EYRE* and *WITHERING HEIGHTS*. Many authorities, however, claim that the brother of Charlotte and Emily wrote the books. This brother evidently drank more than he should have. *Vide* this letter from Charlotte to Emily (1835):

"Dear Emmy: How are you? Glad to hear

eray⁷, Bronte⁸, and other notables such as Eliot⁹, Gilbert¹⁰, Coleridge¹¹, and other Victorian¹² personalities, when zingo! One's eye is at the bottom of the page again.¹³ But what can one do?¹⁴ One can't stay up reading footnotes, or one becomes tired.¹⁵ But if one doesn't read the footnotes, half the story is lost.¹⁶ Why, in this story we've used sixteen al-

ready!¹⁷ And just¹⁸ suppose we¹⁹ started on derivatives,²⁰ viz.,²¹ "Viennese¹ music² is the result³ of Viennese⁴ culture.⁵" There's only one thing to do. Don't read stories with footnotes!

Of course, you'll miss a lot of good books that way.²⁴ Yet the price may be worth it.²⁵ Footnotes can be a lot of trouble.*

it. We are, too. Formalities over. I want to tell you about Brother at Lord Bruckenbridge's party. It seems that Brother and the Earl just about finished off the punchbowl and then climbed up to the top of the bell-tower of the castle. My, were they high! But it was coming down that was really mortifying. Brother didn't make any distinction between the stairs and the edge of the tower, and stepped off, landing in the fish-pond. The Earl called down, "Are you all right?" Brother answered, "Yes, but look out for that first step. It's a jolly deep one!"

⁹George Eliot. Hah! an author?

¹⁰Sir William Schwenk Gilbert (1836-1911), poet, humorist, rhymist, and librettist of the famous Savoy operas, (Gilbert and Sullivan). This man started rhyme on its climb to a high art. He was a master at foreign languages, verse, and humor.

"Quand j'étais jeune et j'étais fou,
J'achetai un violon pour dix-sept sous.
Et tous les airs que je jouais
Étaient over the hills and far away."

Besides his skill at verse, Gilbert was interested in animal psychology and medicine—

"Is it weakness of intellect, Birdie?"

I cried:

'Or a rather tough worm on your
little inside?"

It is also interesting to note that Gilbert was a past master at sarcasm. Knowing how Bostonians boast of "The Hub," he once asked a visitor from that city, "And how did you come—by Brookline or Dedham?"

¹¹Samuel Coleridge (1772-1834), poet and drug addict. Of morbid, pessimistic character, Coleridge wrote long, involved tales of the unearthly and savage.—

Ex.—"I bit my arm and sucked the blood." Ugh!

Also, Coleridge loved to knife friends in the back. Referring to Wordsworth's physical prowess, he stated, "Sir, Wordsworth does not take his spaniel for a walk; the dog takes him!"

¹²Victorian—refers to Queen Alexandra (1819-1901), wife of Prince Albert.

¹³Discouraging, Eh what?

¹⁴I don't know.

¹⁵One does, doesn't one?

¹⁶This thing, for instance, is 5 to 1 in favor of the notes.

¹⁷Seventeen now.

¹⁸Yeah, just!

¹⁹Hey—what happened to that "one" character.

²⁰Viz., "derivatives"—plural of the English "derivative," from the Latin "derivare," which comes from the Sanskrit slang "Klmprg."

²¹I don't know what THAT means.

²²I like that "I'IZ." Wish I knew what it means.

²³None of these low numbers REALLY count, now.

²⁴From "Vienna," a city on the Danube, famed for the composers Brahms, Beethoven, Strauss, and Murphy.

²⁵Music—from the German "musik," meaning "music."

²⁶Must be from SOME language, but I don't know what.

²⁷Refer to the Strauss waltz, "Wien Blut"—da da da dee dum-m-m- dink dink—you know the one I mean.

²⁸"Culture" is synonymous with "civilization." Refer to Glinker's "civilization." Chap. 2; p. 407, "Ancient civilization started when the Egyptians built the Socrates only Pythagoras caesared the Diocletian, and schymned the peddle, which was all-important in Columbus' day."

²⁹Of course, if you don't read 'em, you'll put the people who make these little numbers out of business.

³⁰The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for example. But who wants to read "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"?

³¹How do you like that guy—very non-committal. Somebody asks him, "Democrat or Republican?" He doesn't even say "Yes," He says "maybe."

³²Absolutely*

³³My Gosh! What would happen if you had footnotes to footnotes?[†]

³⁴And so on, "Ad infinitum!"

³⁵That's Latin.

Aurora

By LEWIS M. OLDFSON, '54

Ribbons of each color dart
Across the sky of Midnight blue.
Curtains veil the moonlight's splendor,
Changing old sky into new.

Looking from my garret window
I see Nature's light cascade.
And when the exhibition ends,
With awe I watch Aurora fade.

EDITORIALS

Education for Democracy

To one who advised him to set up a democracy in Sparta, Lycurgus said, "Pray, do you first set up a democracy in your own house."

If we could inject more of the spirit of democracy into the home life of each American family, we should have made a good start toward a stronger and better America. To attain this end, it would be necessary to supplement the teaching of churches and schools by training children in some of the simple lessons of "give and take." To concern ourselves with these matters is not simply repeating and duplicating the work of church and school; rather it is showing our endorsement of good teaching and training in the democratic way of life.

For example, when we are still very young, we should be taught to respect another's property. At that time this may only mean not trespassing, not abusing property, or not taking something which does not belong to us. In later life, however, it will still be our guide in knowing and recognizing *the rights of others*—the foundation of democracy.

Again, if we have learned in youth to judge a person by his deeds, and not by his color or creed, we are ready to give him the place he merits in this country, where *equality of all individuals* is a fundamental principle—a purpose of democracy.

We should also, in our childhood, have learned a little tolerance. If so, we should be ready to listen to some one else's opinions and perhaps learn from him. This exchange of ideas is the foundation of freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

As we mature and take our places in the world, we shall become an integral part of the life of community and state. We shall have freedom to think, act, and speak, according to the dictates of our consciences. We shall go about freely and conduct our business. If we have a grievance, we shall petition for redress. If we are to use these gifts wisely, we *must* learn their value in our youth.

In return for this government "of the people, by the people, for the people," we should be willing to take our share of responsibility. This may mean a slight sacrifice of time, money, or talent; that is, we may be asked to give a few hours, dollars, or words for a good cause. If we could know how much this opportunity would mean to those in less fortunate lands, we would not shirk these duties.

The doctor gives gratis many hours of work in hospitals. Other civic-minded men donate time and money. We can all serve in some capacity when we see a need or have it called to our attention. As a training for this service, we should help at home and participate in church and school activities.

The home is our greatest influence. It is there that we learn our first lessons. We are taught manners, morals, religion, and other important matters. It is also of consequence to know what democracy means in personal, family, and social life. The home is the training-school for future citizens.

We are benefited by early training in so far as we are given an appreciation of our good fortune in living in this land of freedom and opportunity. We are thus better able to carry on the duties of home and good citizenship.

JOHN MICHAEL FALVEY

MASTER, PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL (1929-1948)

The Public Latin School lost a faithful teacher, the defenders of the Republic an outstanding comrade, and his friends a devoted companion in the death of John Michael Falvey.

As a teacher he was exacting but sympathetic; scholarly but ever understanding of boys' problems.

Born in Boston, a graduate of the University of Maine (A. B. 1917), after a rich teaching experience in Powder Point School, Berkeley Preparatory School, and secondary schools in New Haven, he came to the Latin School in September, 1929 as a Junior Master. Content as a classroom teacher, he always sought self-improvement as a means for better teaching and better understanding of the pupil. A skilled teacher of mathematics, his hobbies were fishing, travel, and the great literatures of the world. He read the contribution of great minds in the original French, German, Italian and Latin.

When Germany's might threatened his beloved country in 1917, with willing heart and eager feet he followed the flag to foreign shores. His bravery under fire exhibited to his Commanding Officers his capacity for leadership, and, though wounded, he was sent to Officers' Training School at LaVallebon. Upon his return to his homeland, he never forgot his brother veteran, war victim, in hospital or home; he worked tirelessly for the veteran, his widow and his orphans.

During World War II, at an age when most were content with exemption, he volunteered for service in the Coast Guard Reserve. By choice, his duty was at night, and Hens and Chickens, Handkerchief Shoals and 'Nausset Lightship in the black of midnight with the sea running high became as familiar to him as the pattern of his own rugs.

To his friends he was a companion of rare wit, with a talent for original expression and a genius for spinning a yarn unequalled even by the best of his neighbors on Cape Cod. Loyal to sound principles, he hated sham and fought hypocrisy, whether clothed in drab academic or dressed in the scarlet robes of mock charity. Deeply religious, without ostentation, neither decorations for bravery nor election to high office in professional, civic, and veterans' organizations could take from him the common touch.

Perhaps his outstanding attribute was his devotion to his dear wife, the former Lulu Adams of Buffalo. Together they were complete; each asked for no other. His home life was exemplary, his every thought and act aside from his professional life was of and for her. They were exemplars of devoted sweethearts till he followed her in death.

Today, with his beloved wife, Lulu, he stands with other stalwart souls whom the world could not crush, enjoying the Beatific Vision, the same well-worn rosary in his hand that was his constant companion on earth. Heaven is richer with his presence, but there is a felt loss at the Latin School; his comrades either at the School for Veterans or in the meeting halls of Joyce Kilmer Post, American Legion, or Jamaica Plain Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, are without his sage counsel; and the dear friends who held privileged entree to the cottage at Julien Road have lost a priceless companionship.

FREDERICK J. GILLIS, '12

Assistant Superintendent, Boston Public Schools

ROBERT WEBSTER WALES

1889 - 1947

Robert Webster Wales, our late master in physics and science, was born in North Abington, Massachusetts, in 1889, son of Simeon Webster and Lydia Bass Wales. He attended the public schools of North Abington and Abington and developed an interest in gardening as a hobby during the summers of his early youth by helping to raise the family's food.

After high school, Mr. Wales attended Massachusetts Agricultural College to prepare for a farming career, earning most of his way by working on farms and dairies.

When World War I came, he enlisted in the Air Corps and eventually reached France.

Upon his return home, he began to teach at Winthrop High School. He later taught at Framingham High School, Chelsea High School, and finally at Boston Public Latin School.

Due to his wide knowledge of entomology, he was appointed in 1929 to make a survey of mosquito control of Cape Cod. This survey was the basis of extensive control work in many areas.

He was married in 1925 to Anne Grow, of Shreveport, Louisiana, then a teacher at Winthrop High School and a graduate of the University of Michigan. They have one son, Robert Langdon, who was graduated from Latin School in 1943, and from M. I. T. in 1947.

In spite of his many interests, Mr. Wales was active in Boy Scout work. He was also interested in music, playing both the violin and viola, and was a member of the Harvard Musical Association. Throughout his life he continued his hobby of growing beautiful roses and other flowers. He died in 1947, and Latin School lost an excellent teacher and a sturdy friend.

SIDNEY KANE, '49.

The Stranger

By LEWIS M. OLFSO, '54

I saw his face for but a minute,
For swiftly had he passed me by.
But I saw true Religion in it.
Pursed were his lips, grave was
his eye.
His features held a radiant light;
His face was saintly and divine.
I felt his glory and his might.
He made me feel the World was
mine.
His mannerisms were familiar—
Familiar—at the same time odd.
A sudden joy welled up inside me,
And I felt the warmth of God.

Winter Seas

By LEWIS M. OLFSO, '54

Mountains of water rise and fall
In untamed, wild anger.
They swallow ships both large and
small
To satisfy their hunger.
They defy the strength of man.
And unconquered they've remained.
And oft, who've braved a Winter Sea
Have not come home again.
A sailor's life is just the thing
For those who want to roam.
But those who have no Wanderlust
Are better off at home.

Meditation

By CONRAD GELLER, '49

I meditate the wonders of the earth—
The softness and the roundness of
the snow,
The sunset with its fingers stretching
low,
The April odors of a world in birth,
The laughing sound that is the
cricket's mirth,
The world's most glorious and
greatest show;
The wonders that the test tubes do
not know.

(I ponder what on earth has any
worth.)
I think about the public library,
(The books in alphabetical array.)
I think about a shopping crowd at
noon;
And then about the glory of a tree,
And all the silence just before the
day . . .
I think about the silver of the moon.

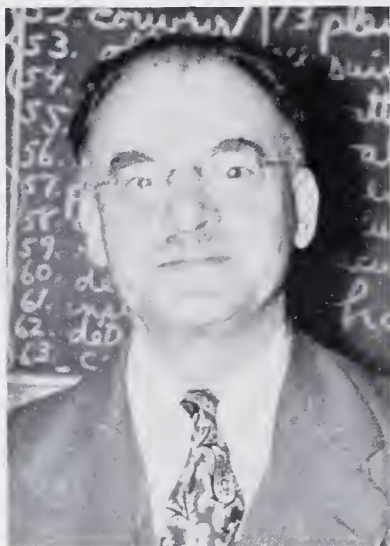
Our Lords and Masters



— Bell

CHARLES W. FRENCH

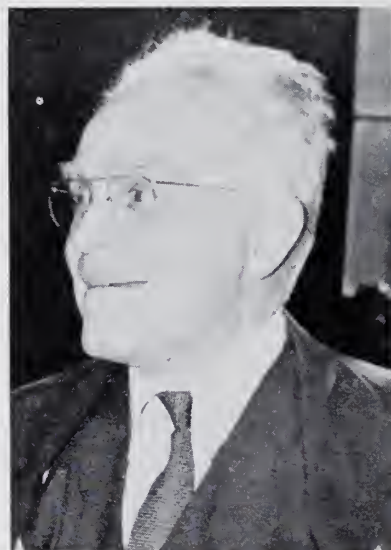
Teaches History in 304 . . . Lives in Brookline . . . Graduated B. L. S. '02 . . . Participated in baseball and football . . . Won both Modern and Classical Prizes while at the school . . . Graduated Dartmouth '06 . . . President of his class . . . Came to B. L. S. as instructor '10 . . . Served under six Head Masters . . . Hobbies: Reading and farming . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "You will reap as you sow."



— Bell

GORDON F. IRONS

Head of English Department . . . Teaches English in 208 . . . Lives in West Roxbury . . . Graduated High School of Commerce '16 . . . Boston College A. B. '21 . . . Secretary of his class . . . Master's Degree in '22 . . . Taught at Technical High School from '23 until last year . . . Had two sons at Latin School . . . Official at track meets . . . Traveled extensively . . . Hobbies: Bowling . . . Advice to Latin School boys: "Be sure to keep in contact with School after graduation through the Alumnae Association."



— Bell

MAX LEVINE

Head of French and German Departments . . . Teaches French and German in 301 . . . Lives in Brighton . . . Graduated B. L. S. '07 . . . Franklin Medal . . . Secretary of Class . . . Harvard '11 *Magna Cum Laude* . . . Studied at the University of Chicago . . . Middlebury French Summer School . . . Spent sabbatical year at University of Grenoble, France, '23-'24 . . . Professor at Hobart College N. Y. '11-'15 . . . Came to B. L. S. in '15 . . . War Camp Director for High School boys during World War I . . . Visited Europe regularly '20-'32 . . . Became Head Modern Language Department '36 . . . Hobbies: Athletics, billiards, swimming, bowling . . . Faculty adviser of French Club . . . Remarks: "A boy with a Latin School diploma is prepared to overcome all problems of life."

On Advertising

By THOMAS SOBOL, '49

It is an odd fact, frequently commented upon by thoughtful observers, that most of the great plagues in history have attacked the world insidiously and without warning. No one notices that anything in particular is happening, until one day the populace wakes up to find trouble exceedingly rampant.

In the Middle Ages, for example, everything was perfectly normal—knights jousting, swineherds tending pigs, landlords busy with knaves and varlets and all that sort of thing—when one morning (on a Thursday it was, six weeks come Lammas Eve), old Bill of ye Mill, upon washing his body at ye Grande Olde Towne Pumpe, discovered that his hand was a shade darker than was its wont.

"Marry, forsooth!" exclaimed old Bill. He then perceived his fellow, George the Cowherde, to be black, too, and cried, "Thou art black, George!"

"Black?" quoth George, wondering.

"Black is right!"

"Thou dost not say!"

"Of a verity I do say." "Well, by St. James of Compostella, if this doth not beat ye band!"

"Verily, Bill, what can have chanced?"

"Verily, George, I am unaware!"

Thus it was: and a week later the Black Death was all over the country, and a man who did not look like Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy" could scarcely be found anywhere.

In much the same manner has the present flood of advertising engulfed the United States. There was a time, not too long ago, when radio, television, and the singing commercial were things of the future; when salesmen were content merely to thrust a persistent foot in the doorway, rather than desecrate one's privacy via a disillusioning telephone call; when one could absorb all the advertising he desired in the stately silence of his living-room, through such sober media as newspapers, periodicals, and other literature. Those days, like all others of antiquity, are gone forever—never, I might interpose, to return again. Yet I, for one, should like to see them back.

Let me hasten to assert, however, that advertising is a necessity; that our whole

commercial system is predicated upon it; and that, without it, we should probably revert to a loud-mouthed pack of beggars crying our wares in the streets. It is the only means by which new products and new services—to say nothing of the old ones—can be brought to the eye and ear of the consumer. By increasing sales and production, it lowers prices; enables industry to employ more workers; and, in general, raises the jolly old standard of living. At one time, it took nearly fifty years for a new invention to come into common use; but in less than ten years after the invention of the electric refrigerator, millions were enjoying the conveniences it provided—thanks to advertising.

Indeed, it is not the *essence*, but the *form* of advertising to which I object. To the eye of a dispassionate observer, it appears that this haven of democracy, this beacon of peace and hope, this broad expanse of *terra firma* smiled upon by the benevolence of its Creator, this happy breed of men, this demiparadise, this magnificent nation drained by the Mississippi and star-spangled from shore to shore—I need scarcely say that I allude to the United States—has degenerated into an asylum full of goofs completing jingles in twenty-five words or less.

A disquieting thought.

Yet the fact remains that the advertising of today has one primary effect on civilization: it is driving us all stark, raving balmy. Among the most pernicious factors in this mass damnation to insanity are the radio, the billboard, and the "quiz", or giveaway, show. Let us examine each and see wherein it does and does not hydropognolitate us. (Don't be alarmed; there is really no such word.)

Item Number One. (#1) The Radio.—Has been in widespread use for about twenty-five years. Has been dominated by advertising for the past twenty-four of same. Will continue to be so as long as people allow their favorite programs to be interrupted by exhortations to "smoke a Lu-u-cky." Has lent tremendous impetus, through advertising, to the enlightenment and intellectual development of the public. Has contributed much to

"les Beaux-Arts;" cf. such classic examples of rhetoric as the "Tobacco Auctioneer's Chant" and such soul-inspiring arias as "Super Suds." Has given birth to advertising's most lethal weapon—television. Lately, more and more of the better advertisers have switched to television. This would not matter so much, only most of the poorer ones have switched also. Oh, well—you don't *have* to watch the screen!

Item Number Two. The Billboard.—Much could be said about this defacer of the nation's once beautiful countryside; but "caution speaks louder than words," or something to that effect, and the penchant the huge signs have for concealing minions of the law is well known. 'Nuff said.

Item Number Three. The Last One.—The "give-away" program is an extremely effective means of advertising; not only does the "contestant" *hear* about the given product: he is *presented* with it. By the same token, however, it is perhaps the

basest form. The telephone programs, especially, are like a giant lottery, operating on a "Listen-in-and-Win-a-Prize" basis. People will soon tire of sitting around, thumbing encyclopedias, and waiting for the deuced phone to ring; but just *how* soon is difficult to say.

The editor now compels me to state, however, that everything I have said that is advantageous to advertising is merited, while most that is detrimental is not. Our commercial perspective; our attitude toward products, toward companies, nay, toward men; the very way in which we spend our money are constantly determined by advertising. The average person does not realize how much pressure—influential, effective pressure—is being brought to bear on him each day. If the national advertising firms so desired, they could, within a week, have us all wearing knee breeches and coonskin caps. Not that I anticipate such a measure, of course; but it certainly pays to advertise.

Anybody wanna buy a car check?

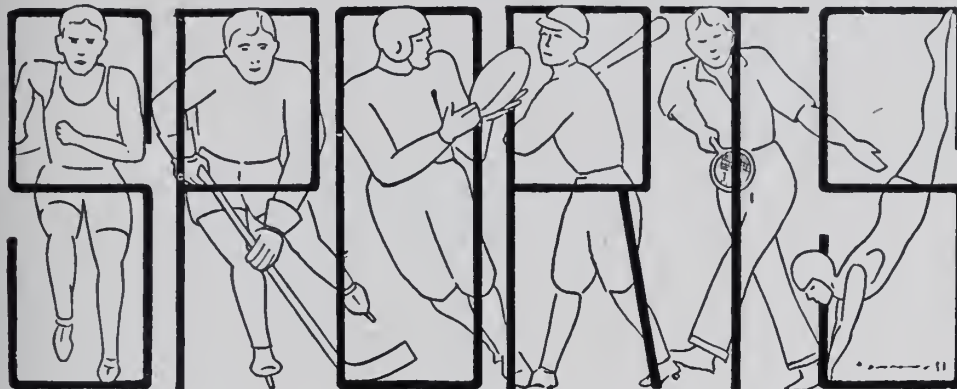
**The REGISTER is proud to announce that for
the Third Consecutive Year it has received the
Columbia Scholastic Press Association
Medalist Award.**

ALFRED W. HURWITZ

10 Webster Street • Brookline

Chrysler — Plymouth

SALES — SERVICE — PARTS



Basketball

By MYRON LASERSON

B. L. S. Triumphs Over Memorial

January 5

The Latin School basketball team opened its 1949 season auspiciously by completely overwhelming a highly-rated Roxbury quintet, 47-29.

Appropriately enough, it was Captain "Dick" Walsh who scored the first points of the contest with a set shot from the corner. Then "Duke" Skinner came through with two fancy one-handers to give the Purple an early 6-0 lead. But Memorial was not that bad, and she quickly tied the score at 8 apiece. At this point Latin began to draw away from the quickly tiring Green and Yellow and was never again to be threatened. After "Charlie" MacLeod's set shot and charity throws by Walsh and Doherty, "Dick" added two more baskets and "Joe" Doherty one to make the score 18-10. Doherty, Walsh, and "Big Ed" Collins chipped in with one more two-pointer apiece in this period, and Latin led at the half, 24-14.

"Joe" Doherty started the scoring after the intermission with a foul shot, and then "Dick" Walsh dented the twine

from his favorite corner spot. After Memorial accidentally sank two in a row, "Dick" Fox, who did a great job today in controlling the backboards, got his first of the season with a foul shot. Next followed individual baskets by Doherty, MacLeod, Skinner, Collins, and Walsh. Now, with a comfortable lead, Coach Patten rested the first team, and the rest of the game was featured only by baskets scored by "Tom" and "Jim" Walsh.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The Walshes played an important part in today's game—"Dick" sinking the first points of the contest and "Jim" the last.

"Gerry" Alch entertained the boys before the game in the locker-room with his now famous rendition of "Radio Programs".

Latin broke her infamous "Garden and Arena jinx" by winning today. Last year the Purple and White dropped four out of four.

Dorchester Wins In Overtime

January 7

An extremely tall and good Dorchester basketball team edged out the Purple and White in an over-time thriller, 32-30.

After the Red and Black had started the scoring in this contest, "Joe" Doherty put Latin in the lead by sinking a foul

shot and a lay-up. It was nip-and-tuck the rest of the quarter as long set shots by "Charlie" MacLeod and "Dick" Walsh offset baskets by the opposition. In the second period, Latin showed signs of pulling away as in the Memorial

B. L. S.



HOCKEY

SEASON'S RECORD

January 21 — Latin	0.....	Memorial	1
January 28 — Latin	4.....	Trade	1
February 4 — Latin	2.....	Technical	0
February 11 — Latin	2.....	Commerce	1
February 19 — Latin	2.....	Dorchester	0
February 23 — Latin	1.....	English	0

WON 5 — LOST 1

TRACK

SEASON'S RECORD

REGULAR MEETS

1 FIRST

2 SECONDS

1 THIRD

REGIMENTAL MEET FIRST PLACE.

BASKETBALL

SEASON'S RECORD

January	5	— Latin	47	Memorial	29
January	7	— Latin	30	Dorchester	32
January	11	— Latin	27	Trade	35
January	13	— Latin	29	B. C. High	27
January	18	— Latin	28	Technical	22
January	20	— Latin	49	Commerce	46
January	24	— Latin	30	B. C. High	35
January	28	— Latin	40	English	49
January	31	— Latin	29	Commerce	27
February	4	— Latin	45	Memorial	27
February	8	— Latin	33	Dorchester	53
February	11	— Latin	42	Technical	28
February	18	— Latin	33	Trade	55
March	1	— Latin	32	English	41

WON 7 — LOST 7

1 9 4 9



game, when "Ed" Collins pushed in four points besides another basket from Walsh and "Bob" Parente's first point of the still young season. The Purple held a short but impressive lead of 15-11 at the half.

The second half saw Dorchester get hot and quickly wipe out her four-point deficit. Despite herculean efforts by "Dick" Walsh and "Ed" Collins, the Red and Black couldn't be stopped. With less than three minutes to go, "Charlie" MacLeod tied the score at 23 all by sinking a foul shot and Collins hooked one in to put us two points to the good; but Zmudzien, Dorchester's scoring ace, got lucky in the waning seconds and the game was forced into overtime. The

overtime period, like the rest of the game, was also close; but the Purple, tired by Dorchester's height, couldn't seem to hit their stride, and Dorchester was the ultimate winner, 32-30.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The closeness of today's game was indicated by the fact that there were over 30 "jump" balls.

The Jayvees, featured by nine freshmen, won 19-7.

Coach Patten expressed an apparent truth when he said that the Purple didn't look like the same ball team that played in the Arena earlier this week. Let's hope the bad game is out of our system.

Trade Beats Latin

January 11

Boston Trade showed that they are the team to watch this year as they subdued the Purple and White quintet by the "not-too-bad" score of 35-27.

Trade jumped out into a quick 6-0 lead before "Ed" Collins got the Purple's first point via a free throw. Then, after the Artisans' Colarusso, who was really "hot" in the first-half, dropped in five more points, little "Bob" Parente hooked one through the nets, to the delight of the crowd.

The second period saw Latin begin to close the gap as Parente added a foul shot and "Dick" Fox pushed one in from under the basket. Then, after Trade had scored again, "Duke" Skinner dropped in a two-pointer and "Bob" Parente sank one from the far corner. The score at the half read 17-12.

In the third period, Trade added to

their lead as all Latin could do was foul shots by Collins and "Joe" Doherty and baskets chipped in from "Ed" Collins and "Charlie" MacLeod. MacLeod's basket, incidentally, was a terrific shot from half court. "Ed" Collins got going in the last period, dropping in four quick points, but the Purple could not overcome Trade's lead, despite a last-ditch basket by "Dick" Walsh. The final score, as noted above, was Trade—35; Latin—27.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The Jayvees won again, 26-19, as "Red" Ridge topped the scorers with twelve points.

"Dick" Walsh sat out almost half of today's game because of three early fouls called against him.

B. L. S. Tops B. C. High

January 13

The Purple and White got off to a good start today; and, with Captain "Dick" Walsh setting the pace, edged out last year's champs, B. C. High, 29-27.

"Ed" Collins got the first points of the ball game from his favorite pivot spot, and then "Dead-Eye Bob" Parente calmly dropped one through the nets from half-court. "Dick" Walsh added six points in the first period; and Latin led at the quarter, 11-3. In the second

period though, Latin's lead dwindled as Collins' basket and foul shot plus "Joe" Doherty's charity toss were our only points in this quarter. The score at the half showed Latin still in the lead, 15-14.

After the usual rest period, the boys came back on the floor determined to break the game wide open. First, "Dick" Walsh pushed one in, and then "Duke" Skinner tallied on the end of a slick pass-play. But now the Eaglets, aided and

abetted by some "sour" officiating (the officials became angry at Latin because Coach Patten used his right to criticize their rulings), started to move, and led at the three-period mark, 23-22. The last period was nip-and-tuck the whole way. First, "Dick" Walsh tied the score with a foul shot. Then, after a B. C. High basket, "Dick" sank two more foul shots to tie it again. Then, Latin, via foul shots by "Sharp-shooter" Walsh and "Duke" Skinner took the lead, which was taken away almost immediately by another B. C. High basket. Finally, with time running out, "Duke" Skinner gave Latin her

margin of victory by pushing in an almost impossible hook shot.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The Jayvees lost their first game of the season, 20-17, as "Eddie" Brenner scored six points for the losers.

The most rabid Latin rooter today was former basketball Captain "Jim" Savage.

The team play was noticeably improved today, with special credit going to "Bob" Parente, "Joe" Doherty, and "Charlie" MacLeod for their excellent ball-handling.

Latin Over Tech

January 18

Playing a terrific (to say the least) defensive game, the Purple and White limited Technical High School to five floor goals in winning 28-22.

"Charlie" MacLeod opened the scoring festivities by dropping in a foul shot. This was followed by a charity throw from Walsh and another of the same from MacLeod. The score at the end of the quarter showed Latin in front, 3-1. In the second period, "Dick" Walsh got hot, and his eight points helped no end in putting the Purple ahead at the half, 11-8.

Following the advice of Coach Patten, the boys really opened up in the second half. First, "Joe" Doherty pushed one in from outside, and then "the big guy", "Ed" Collins, hooked a beauty from the bucket. "Joe" Doherty followed with two perfect free throws, and then "Big Ed" dented the twine again. After Tech scored on foul shots, "Duke" Skinner

broke into the scoring column when he dribbled in all alone. "Charlie" MacLeod ended a perfect day the right way when near the end of the game he sank two beautiful one-handers from way out.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

Due to the closeness of most of the games so far, Coach Patten hasn't been able to use many substitutes. Because of this, the boys on the bench got a big kick when "Tom" Walsh said to namesake "Jim." "If he calls Walsh, I'll flip you for it."

There was quite a mix-up today when the oranges were distributed between the halves. After all were eaten, Manager Pearlman confessed he ate four.

"Charlie" Gingold and "Dick" Lessoff, the two boys who alternate dressing for the games, are, despite all rumors to the contrary, good friends.

Latin Tops Commerce

January 20

The Latin hoopsters traveled across the Avenue today to top Commerce. In racking up their third consecutive victory, the Purple and White amassed a total of 49 points, the highest they have hit so far this year. Latin had a little trouble getting started because of the strangeness of the gym, but big "Elmore" Collins started right by sinking a foul shot for the first score. This one-point lead, however, was short-lived, as Commerce sank two quick baskets. When

the first period had ended, the score was 11-6, Commerce leading. Commerce sank a foul shot to open the second period, but then the fast-breaking Latin quintet sparked by Sharpshooters "Elmore" Collins, who sank seven points; "Duke" Skinner, who got six; and Captain "Dick" Walsh, who hit for five points, outscored the opposition 18-10, making the score at half-time 24-21. With "Chester" MacLeod controlling both backboards beautifully, the Latin team—with Captain

"Dick" Walsh and "Elmore" Collins pacing the attack—managed to keep possession of the ball and score from all angles of the court. At this stage of the game Coach "Steve" Patten lifted "Duke" Skinner and "Chester" MacLeod, since each had four personal fouls against him. "Mike" Semans and "Bob" Parente replaced these guards, and both did great jobs. "Mike" scored 5 points and "Bob," 4. Commerce threatened in the last period, coming to within three points of our lead; but, with "Elmore" Collins scoring 16 points and Captain "Dick" Walsh scoring 14, the final score stood Latin—49; Commerce—46.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

Elmore Collins had the distinction of scoring the first and last points of the game; oddly enough, both were by foul shots.

Another feature of the game was a short but heated argument between Mr. Patten and the rival Commerce coach in regard to the latter's violation of one of the substitution rules.

Our Jayvees won again, 22-18, as Sharpshooter "Joe" Ridge dropped in 9 points.

B. C. High Beats Latin

January 24

Showing a marked improvement in their play, the B. C. High quintet evened their season's record with B. L. S. by winning, 35-30.

After the Eaglets had racked up a quick 3-0 lead, "Joe" Doherty got Latin's first points with a beautiful hook shot. After two more B. C. High baskets, "Dick" Walsh kept us in the running with a pair of two-pointers. Then "Ed" Collins pushed Latin to within one point of the equalized by sinking three important points. The Purple attack, however, fell down in the second period; and B. C. High led at the half by their ultimate margin of victory. The score at the half was 17-12.

"Duke" Skinner started the Latin scoring in the second half with his special one-hander; and then "Little Slug" Parente offset a B. C. High Basket as he

dented the twine from way out. But this was all in a lost cause, as B. C. High really showed that she had a good ballclub by keeping possession of the ball during the last period. The only bright spot for Latin School was five more points for Sharp-shooter "Bob" Parente.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

"Gingold's Goats" (The J. V.) were badly butted today as they lost, 22-10. "Steve" Dwyer was high man for the losers with four points.

Latin sank only 4 of 11 foul shots, while B. C. High made good on 7 out of 12.

As the season has reached its half-way mark, the top three scorers are "Dick" Walsh, "Ed" Collins, and "Duke" Skinner.

Latin Loses To English

January 28

After holding the Blue and Blue to a draw in the first half the Purple and White hoopsters tired near the end and finally lost, 49-40.

Captain "Dick" Walsh started the scoring by way of a free toss and "Bob" Parente followed that up with a terrific shot from half court. After a pair of Blue baskets, "Ed" Collins pivoted for two more points. "Ed" dropped in two more baskets during the first period, and "Duke" Skinner, "Charlie" MacLeod, and "Dick" Walsh each added a charity

toss to give Latin a 13-10 lead at the quarter. The Purple lead, however, was not destined to last long, and despite five points from "Dick" Walsh and "Duke" Skinner's sensational one-handed push shot from half-court, the score was tied at the half.

From the start of the second half, it was apparent that English was much better than she looked up to that time. The Purple, even though bolstered by the steady attack from dependable "Dick" Walsh and a great basket tossed in by

"Charlie" MacLeod, could not seem to stop the now deadly accurate Blue and Blue. When English held an impressive eight-point lead with but three minutes remaining and "Dick" Walsh, "Ed" Collins, and "Joe" Doherty were out of the game on fouls, Coach Patten delighted the fans by giving Rookies "Gerry" Alch, Paul Cunningham, and "Jim" Faltin a chance to play on the famous "Garden" floor.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

"Gerry" Alch again entertained the boys before the game, but this time he needed help from "Joe" Soble.

Latin made good on 16 out of 25 free throw attempts, while English dropped in only 15 out of 35.

All told, there were six boys today who had five personals. Besides the three mentioned above, there were three from English.

B. L. S. Edges Commerce

January 31

Paced by the sensational set-shot shooting of "Little Slug" Parente and "Ed" Collins' best performance of the season, the Purple and White quintet snapped their losing streak in a close verdict over Commerce, 29-27.

Collins started the day's scoring by sinking two foul shots. This lead, however, was only temporary, as Commerce dropped in four free throws and a basket to gain a quick 7-2 advantage. But "Dick" Walsh kept the Purple in the game with a sweet one-hander and a charity throw. Then, after three more Commerce foul shots, "Bob" Parente came through with two beautiful set shots from the corner, and "Ed" Collins added another free throw to make the score 10-12 at the quarter. In the second period, Latin took the play away from the visitors. After a Commerce basket put them ahead, 14-10, "Bob" Parente sank a beauty from half-court; and then "Ed" Collins pivoted for the equalizer, as the cheers echoed through the gym. A few moments later, "Bob" put Latin in the lead as he dented the twine again from the corner. The half ended with Latin in front, 16-14.

Commerce started the second half by tying the score on two foul shots. But Latin was not to be denied; "Charlie" MacLeod heaved one through the cords, "Ed" Collins added two free throws, and "Joe" Doherty chipped in with a charity toss to make the score, 21-16. After three more Commerce points, "Ed" laid in two more baskets; and "Joe" Doherty and "Bob" Parente each came up with a foul throw to put the Purple in front, 27-19, at the three-period mark. In the last period, Coach Patten wisely advised his "boys" to stay on the defensive. As this maneuver succeeded, Latin walked off the court with a hard-earned 29-27 victory.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

It looks as if "Bob" Parente has finally found the key that will, I'm sure, make him the most feared set-shooter in the Conference.

"Ed" Collins is now only 10 points behind "Dick" Walsh in the scoring race. It now stands 91-81.

"Red" Ridge dropped in 9 points as "Rico" Lessoff's Jayvees won an overtime thriller, 24-22.

B. L. S. Routs Memorial

February 4

With Center "Big Ed" Collins setting the pace, the Latin School five shellacked a befuddled Roxbury quintet to the tune of 45-27.

Memorial scored first on a foul shot; but after "Dick" Walsh tied it up, Latin was never again headed. The first half was relatively close, but the Purple's "Duke" Skinner proved to be the difference as he continually "set up" "Dick" Walsh and "Ed" Collins, besides drop-

ping in three vital baskets of his own. "Little Slug" "Bob" Parente also chipped in with one of his special corner beauties. Latin held a good 21-15 lead at the half.

The Purple and White really opened up in the third period. With Collins leading the way with six points, we never looked better as none of our shots came close to missing. "Bob" Parente brought down the house with a terrific shot; and by the end of the period, Latin held a 20-

point lead. Coach Patten rested his regulars in the last period and let the subs outclass the now fogged Memorial team. "Tom" Walsh, who sank a beautiful one-hander, and "Jim" Faltin, who also came through with his first points of the season, looked especially good during this period.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

More members of Latin's Tech Tournney team of two years ago came to watch

their former school in action. These were "Bob" Hoffman and "Cussy" Shunrack . . . The Jayvees won another close contest today 15-13, as "Steve" Dwyer led the scorers.

The scoring race has really now tightened up . . . "Dick" Walsh leads "Ed" Collins 98-97; and these two are followed by "Duke" Skinner with 49 and "Bob" Parente with 39.

B. L. S. Loses To Dorchester

February 8

The Purple and White hoopsters, after leading Dorchester at the half, suddenly tired as the Red and Black Raiders got 'hot' in the waning minutes to win going away, 53-33.

"Joe" Doherty started the scoring for Latin with a neat one-hander, just four seconds after Dorchester had scored. Then, after another 'Dot' basket, "Duke" Skinner pushed in two foul shots and "Ed" Collins chipped in with one of his specialties. Despite this splurge, though, Dorchester held a short 7-6 lead at the quarter. In the second period, Latin played her best basketball of the season. "Dick" Walsh started and ended a string of four baskets in four shots from the Purple and White. These two terrific shots from the corner sandwiched "Bob" Parente's 'set' from half court and "Duke" Skinner's running one-hander. But Dorchester was not to be denied; and, despite three points from "Ed" Collins and another basket by "Dick"

Walsh, Latin's lead at the half was only 19-17.

To invent a phrase, all good things must come to an end; and the Purple and White suddenly blew "high, wide, and handsome" in the second half. As a matter of fact, the only consolation that B. L. S. rooters could take was the fact that "Little Slug" Parente dented the twine four more times during this half to put him in double figures for the first (and I hope not last) time this season.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The Jayvee game provided a laugh when one of the Dorchester kids almost took a shot at the wrong basket.

The Jayvees lost, 17-13, as Brenner, Morrison, and Ridge shared high-scoring honors with four points apiece.

Both "Ed" Collins and "Dick" Walsh have now gone over the 100-point peak in individual scoring.

Latin Triumphs Over Tech

February 11

With three of her stalwarts scoring in double figures today, Latin romped to an easy 42-28 victory over Technical High School.

The Purple and White dropped in eleven of the first twelve points today. First, "Joe" Doherty dropped in two foul shots, and then came two baskets by "Dick" Walsh, a beautiful set-shot by "Joe," and a terrific two-pointer by "Big Ed" Collins. Later in the period, Doherty and Collins each split the cords again, and "Duke" Skinner got into the act with a sensational hook shot. The second

period saw Latin cool off a little; but, with the aid of very timely baskets from Collins, Skinner, and Walsh, in that order, we held an impressive 23-14 lead at the half.

In the third period, Tech suddenly began to start sinking some of their shots, and Latin's lead had dwindled to a meager six points by the time the last period rolled around. But in this last period, Latin's mastery again asserted itself, as "Ed" Collins dropped in five points, "Joe" Doherty was good for four, and "Duke" Skinner and "Dick" Walsh

each dropped one through the nets. The final score saw Latin on top by a 42-28 margin.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

The "Little Slug" got slugged today. "Bob" Parente, one of Latin's young

stars, was hit over the eye. His replacement, "Dick" Fox, did a good job.

The Jayvees won, 20-17, as "Red"

Ridge was high-scorer with six points.

In the last minute Coach Patten cleared the bench and put all the subs in.

Latin Bows To Trade

February 18

Unable to overcome Trade's immense height advantage, the Purple and White was outclassed today to the tune of 55-33.

Trade opened the scoring with a foul shot, just before "Bob" Parente put Latin in the lead for the only time in the contest with a push-shot from halfway out. Trade School scored eighteen points in this first quarter compared to a total of nine for B. L. S. In the second period, Latin settled down somewhat, as the Walsh brothers both threw in terrific hook shots, and "Ed" Collins came through with four points. At the end of the half, Trade sported a 28-17 lead.

In the third period, Trade took out of Latin whatever fight was left, as she poured fifteen points through the cords. Little "Jim" Faltin stayed in there, however, and his first basket of the season drew plenty of cheers. In the last quarter, after "Bob" Parente gave the Latin

rooters something to cheer about with two truly great baskets, Coach Patten let the second team take over. Led by "Rico" Lessoff and "Joe" Soble, this second team played good ball and did not allow the Trade first-string to pull away any further.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

"Rico" Lessoff and "Joe" Soble each scored their first points of the season today, to the great delight of their teammates and (of course) themselves.

The entire East Boston team, District League Champs, came down today to scout Trade, or was it Latin???

The Jayvees, probably inspired by the performance of their coaches, "Charlie" Gingold and "Rico" Lessoff, in the Varsity game, smothered Trade, 24-14. "Steve" Dwyer scored twelve points for the winners.

B. L. S. Loses To English

March 1

The Purple and White could not stop the City Champs, English High, today, and were outscored, 41-32.

"Charlie" MacLeod, back in the line-up, started the day's scoring with a foul shot. The first period was one in which both baskets seemed to have lids on them, and only two terrific hook shots by "Ed" Collins kept Latin in the game. The second period, though played a little faster, still showed a marked inaccuracy in the shooting of both clubs. English started to pull away at the beginning of the period, but Captain "Dick" Walsh postponed what proved to be the inevitable with seven big points. The score at the half showed English up, 17-15.

From the very start of the second half, English took over control of the game. Paced by their high scorer, Dixon, who racked up four successive baskets, the

Blue and Blue looked like a completely different club. The Purple didn't give up, though, without a fight. "Duke" Skinner, "Charlie" MacLeod, and "Joe" Doherty each dented the twine for the Latin cause; but the B. L. S. baskets in this second half were too few and far between to be of any consequence.

DOUBLE DRIBBLES

"Jim" Walsh scored the last point of the season. This was his own second point and his first came in the first game.

The Latin Jayvees beat the English Jayvees last week, as "Red" Ridge was high scorer with fourteen points.

Latin's record this year was 7-7. This record is not impressive, but we are happy that starters "Duke" Skinner, "Joe" Doherty, "Ed" Collins, and "Bob" Parente are all returning next season.

Hockey

By JOHN BUCKLEY

Latin Drops Decision To Memorial

January 21

Lacking aggression and a scoring punch, the 1949 Purple and White defending in-town champs dropped a tough decision to a formidable Memorial sextet, 1-0, in their opening game.

During the first period neither Latin nor Memorial could organize any offensive thrust whatsoever, with most of the play taking place between the two blue lines. Latin's only offensive unit which called for any enthusiasm was the third line, which found "Moe" Mahoney centering for "Whitey" Lyons and "Pat" McLaughlin. "Whitey" missed a goal by a hair at 7:15 as his shot went wide by inches. Just before the bell "Tom" Kent saved a sure Memorial goal and prolonged the inevitable by his alert defensive play.

In the second period the Memorial club scored what proved to be the only goal of the day when at 1:45 "Charlie" Binda drilled a shot by the screened Latin goalie after a pileup in front of the Latin net. This goal seemed to awaken some of the Latin worthies (though not enough) and, led by "Jim" Haroules and Leo Maguire, the Latin lines tried unsuccessfully to crack the impregnable Memorial defense. "Silent Leo" Maguire, after taking a centering pass from "Jim" Haroules, was neatly foiled by the Memorial goalie.

In the meantime Latin's defense had improved considerably as "Tom" Kent did a good job of clearing the puck after

Buccigross' many saves.

In the third period Latin tried valiantly but vainly to push the slippery disc by the opponents' goalie, but found it impossible. Again the Mahoney-Lyons-McLaughlin trio led the assault, and at the seven-minute mark it appeared as if they had scored; but Fate, and only Fate, not the Memorial goalie, said no. Thereafter, Memorial had only to play out the string, as first Maguire and then Kent left for the penalty box.

LINEUP

G. Buccigross; rd. Sullivan; ld. Kent; rw. Maguire; c. Haroules; lw. Leary.

Spares: Graham, Fechter, Quinn, Lyons, Mahoney, McLaughlin, Hanson, Moynihan.

ICE CHIPS

"Butch" Buccigross looked immense in defeat making fifteen saves, good in any league . . . "Bob" Graham tried unsuccessfully to put some punch into the second line and make it a scoring one . . . The second defense, consisting of "Milt" Hanson and "Jim" Moynihan, showed much promise . . . Mr. Lambert tried under adverse conditions to put in as many players as possible . . . "Vinnie" O'Connell made his presence felt and showed the many other assistants what an efficient manager should and should not do.

Latin Buries Trade

January 28

Led by "Jim" Haroules' offensive play and newly elected Captain "Whitey" Lyons' defensive play, Latin breezed to a 4-1 decision over Trade School.

Throughout the entire first period Latin swarmed around the Trade net but could not score. The passing of Haroules, Maguire, and Leary was exceptional and Maguire was stopped twice

after Latin had worked it in to in front of the cage. Mahoney, McLaughlin, and Moynihan, the latter in Lyons' place on this line, also performed creditably as they pressed the Trade defense to the limit. Maguire went in all alone on the Trade goalie, but his shot was hurried and went wide.

Shortly after the beginning of the

second period a face-off was necessary in the Trade end; and in the ensuing scramble Leary passed out in front of the net to Haroules, and "Jim" pushed it in for Goal Number One. Now, the second line made its appearance; and in less than a minute, at 2:30 of the period, Graham tallied, with Fechter and Quinn each receiving credit for an assist.

With the score standing 2-0 in favor of Latin, a Trade shot leaked through Buccigross and with a last gasp squeezed into the Latin cage. The first line then reappeared; and, with Trade shorthanded, Haroules picked up his second goal, with Leary getting his second assist. Latin could not score again; and the tremendous defensive play of "Tom" Kent and "Whitey" Lyons, plus the play of their relief "Milt" Hanson and "Jack" Sullivan, did not enable Trade to even get a shot away, let alone score.

The play during the third period centered between the red line and Trade's

net for the most part; and, although Latin tried mightily to score, they could not until seven minutes had passed. At this point Lyons let go with a cannon shot from the blue line, which the Trade goalie never saw. This finished the scoring, and the subs took over.

LINEUP

Buccigross, g; Lyons, rd.; Kent, ld.; Maguire, rw.; Haroules, c.; Leary, lw.

Spares: Graham, Fechter, Quinn, Hanson, Sullivan, Mahoney, McLaughlin, Moynihan, Carter, R. Sullivan, Mahoney, Hardiman, Mosher.

THE RED LIGHT BLAZES

Lyons goal was his only shot of the day . . . Mr. Lambert gave everybody a chance to-day as he cleared the bench . . . The team looked a little different to-day, and it surely played differently . . . Latin's goalies had little work, thanks to an alert defense, even when "Jim" Carter and Bob Sullivan the third defense were on.

Latin Whitewashes Tech 2-0

February 4

Playing alert, smart hockey, Latin shut out Tech today, 2-0, to keep their title hopes alive.

Sparked by "Ed" Buccigross' brilliant goal-tending, which saved the day for Latin in the first period, Latin shut the door to every Tech rush; however, they were unable to organize a successful foray of their own. Latin's defense throughout this period was a little lax compared with their usual standard; but, because of Buccigross' play, Tech could not score.

Early in the second period, Tech pressed a man advantage as Leo Maguire entered the penalty box for holding. Because of "Jim" Haroules' great defensive play in covering "Joe" Thibeault, Tech could not organize when they got into Latin territory. Maguire's play upon his return from the penalty box was great, and several times he went alone on the Tech goalie, only to be stopped at the gateway to success. At 6:29 of this period, Haroules intercepted a pass in the Tech end, shot, and scored from fifteen feet out, unassisted. With the third line on at 7:30 of the same period, "Tom" Kent shot from the Tech blue line, only to have the shot turned aside by the Tech goalie. Jim Moynihan, however, came charging down on the net,

picked up the rebound, and slammed it home for Latin's second goal. Again, later in this period, Tech had a golden opportunity when Leary went to the hoosegow; but they could not score.

Throughout the third period Tech stormed the Latin end, only to be stopped time and again by the alert defense. Not once during the entire period did Latin seriously threaten as they were content to keep the opponent from the goal.

LINEUP

Buccigross, g; Lyons, rd; Kent, ld; Maguire, rw; Haroules, c; Leary, lw.

Spares: Graham, Quinn, Fechter, Mahoney, McLaughlin, Moynihan.

BLUE LINE

"Ed" Buccigross was great in the nets, especially in the first period, when he saved Latin's bacon more than once . . . Today's game was a must as are all the others from now on, since one loss will eliminate Latin from the race . . . Latin's defense was not so good as usual, but improved as the game wore on . . . Thibeault was covered as by a wet blanket by "Jim" Haroules, who, even though burdened with this task, found time to score Latin's first goal.

Latin Edges Commerce 2-1

February 11

Getting a quick lead and then playing defensive hockey for more than two periods, Latin served English notice that it was not giving up its title without a fight.

Latin had a man advantage right at the beginning, for at the one-minute mark a Commerce player left for the hoosegow; but, being good sportsmen, the boys in Purple and White waited for him to return before they scored. Less than a minute later, however, "Jim" Haroules got his first goal, with Leo Maguire getting credit for the assist. Shortly thereafter "Tom" Kent gave Commerce a chance to tie the game, but our neighbors across the street scorned the chance. At 6:25 of this same first period "Jim" Haroules finished off one of the prettiest plays seen in Boston hockey this year. "Jim" took a soft pass from Leo Maguire right in front of the cage and tapped it in while the Commerce goalie watched Maguire make eyes at him. With this goal Latin finished off its offensive thrusts for the day and played defensive hockey the rest of the afternoon.

Halfway through the second period something out of the ordinary happened. The puck slipped past "Ed" Buccigross for Commerce's only goal of the afternoon. After this mishap, Latin buckled down with an air-tight defense, kept

Commerce from scoring again, and added to their growing list of victims a team with an imposing array of speedy skaters.

The third period was spent by both clubs in racing up and down the ice; Commerce, trying to tie the score; and Latin, trying to add the clincher. No goals were scored, however, and Latin was still hot on the trail of English High, being only two points out of first place, where English now rests.

LINEUP

Buccigross, g; Lyons, rd; Kent, ld; Maguire, rw; Haroules, c; Leary, lw; Maguire, rw; Haroules, c; Leary, lw. Spares; Graham, Mahoney, McLaughlin, Moynihan, Fechter, Quinn.

CHAMPS OF AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR

That Buccigross is still kicking them out well, and we are taking him for granted now . . . Maguire is still coming by leaps and bounds—two assists today . . . Graham was trying like mad to prove that his goal in the Trade games was no freak . . . Lyons and Kent were steady as two blocks of granite; iron men, too, for they played the whole game . . . Dorchester next.

Latin Blanks Dorchester 2-0

February 19

Waiting until the last three minutes of the final period, Latin scored two quick goals within a minute, one by "Bob" Graham and the other by "Jim" Haroules, to move within one point of a tie for the league leadership.

Throughout the first period, Latin forced the game, as time and again they stormed the Dorchester end, only to have the boys in Red and Black (who at times appeared to lack an offense completely) turn them back with their consistent defensive play. Several times "Shel" Fechter and "Jim" Moynihan, led by "Bob" Graham, threatened to break the scoreless deadlock as they sparked the Purple and White offense; but luck was not on their side. The offensive line, consisting of "Jim" Haroules, Leo Maguire, and

George Leary, could not get rolling as they had in other games; but the Latin defense of "Tom" Kent and "Whitey" Lyons along with the stellar Latin goalie "Ed" Buccigross, turned aside the few Dorchester threats.

In the second period the play was much the same, as Latin threatened during all the period but could not score. Again the Latin defense was impregnable. Lyons sparked the defense and tried in vain to get the forwards rolling with passes up the ice.

Latin finally awakened sufficiently halfway through the third period to gang up in the Dorchester end; and at 7:10 "Jim" Moynihan centered a pass out to "Bob" Graham, who immediately slipped the puck by the Dorchester goalie to give

Latin a 1-0 lead. Shortly thereafter, "Jim" Haroules went in with Maguire and Leary; and at 7:51, Haroules scored from eight feet out. With these two goals Latin had won its fourth straight and had closed the gap between themselves and English to one point.

LINEUP

Buccigross, g; Kent, ld; Lyons, rd; Haroules, c; Leary, rw; Maguire, lw.

Spares, Fechter, Graham, Moynihan, McLaughlin, Mahoney, Fahnley.

SHUTOUT AGAIN

"Ed" Buccigross got his second shut-out today; only three goals scored against him so far . . . "Bob" Graham's second goal of the season was a nice job on both ends . . . "Moe" Mahoney and his line are having a tough time scoring . . .

Latin Over English 1-0

February 23

The Purple and White of Latin and the Blue and Blue of arch-rival English met today at Boston Arena; and, after one of the fastest, most thrilling, suspense-filled games of the year, Latin emerged again, wearing the crown which had first been worn last year. The final score indicates how close the game was; Latin had one goal and, thanks to the whole Purple team, which played brilliant hockey from beginning to end, English had none.

In the first period Latin scored the only goal of the game as "Jim" Haroules, skating along the right wing boards, passed in to George Leary, who in turn flipped the puck over the English goalie into the nets for the one and only goal. This score occurred after nearly eight minutes of the period was over. The first period was a sign of what was to come as the two teams fought it out—tooth for tooth and eye for eye—with the spectators being treated to a lot of fast, rough hockey. The back-checking of all three lines was great; and the defense was, as usual, steady and secure. When the English forwards, however, did evade the defense—and this was bound to happen—the Blue and Blue then had to reckon with the League's best goalie, who, in this crucial game, came through with flying colors.

Shortly after the second period began, "Shel" Fechter was hurt and "Pat" McLaughlin ably filled his shoes on the second line until he was able to return. Three times in the second period Latin pressed a man advantage but could not combine to beat the English defense. Lyon's defensive work was immense as English futilely tried to tie the score.

In the third period, "Jack" Quinn stood out while leading the second line on thrust after thrust into the English zone,

trying valiantly to add another score. "Moe" Mahoney's third line with "Jim" Moynihan and "Pat" McLaughlin could not score either as the two defenses and two goalies stood out. As the tension and suspense mounted, Leo Maguire was sent off for a supposed board check and English pressed a man advantage. In the last two minutes, when the chips were down, when the heat was on, Latin's play was terrific as English frantically tried to get the goal which would give them a tie and the championship. George Leary stood out in that last drawn-out minute as he kept the puck out of the Latin end; and, as the bell rang, a sigh of relief was heard from the Latin rooters and a moan of disappointment from the Blue and Blue. Latin had successfully defended their championship.

LINE-UP

Buccigross, g; Kent, ld; Lyons, rd; Haroules, c; Maguire, Rw; Leary, lw.

Spares: Graham, Fechter, Quinn, Mahoney, McLaughlin, Moynihan.

HAIL THE CHAMPS!!

Through this win, Latin will play Arlington March 2, in the Met tourney . . . Three goals scored against Buccigross in six games . . . Praise without words to "Tom" Kent, who never plays spectacularly, but is always steady. "Tom" had a bandage over his eye today and could see out of only one eye, but it did not hinder him . . . "Bob" Graham's handsome features were marred when he got the puck right in the mouth . . . Mr. Lambert came up with his second championship tea min three years, not bad when he lost the whole first team of last year's champs in June and had to start from scratch . . . Latin's fifth straight was a must with English out in front by a point before the game still, they did it.

Track

By PAUL WILSON

Tech Beats Latin In Opening Meet At Armory

January 2

Winning 17 out of 27 events, Boston Tech scored 159½ points to gain an easy victory over Latin, with 106½ points, while Dorchester filled out the trio with 25 points. In the field events, Tech collected 55 points, Latin had 34, and Dorchester, 10. Contrary to the past, the "AB" has been divided into two individual classes, and Class D has been eliminated.

The meet produced one double-winner in "Bob" Rittenburg, who copped the Class C hurdles and high jump for B. L. S., collecting 11¼ points, the best total for the day.

"Dave" Kelly looked very impressive in the Class A hurdles. "Jack" Goldberg taking the broad jump and a second in the "300", was the only other "A" win-

ner. "Ed" Dempsey, of football fame, garnered 3 points for B. L. S. in the "440".

Class B, although scoring 41 points, produced only two winners in "Art" Torf taking the 50 yard dash, and "Joe" Swirbalus, copping the high jump.

Class C displayed some fine talent with "Fred" Smith winning the dash, followed closely by "Frankie" Kelley. Charles Arena's fine effort in the "220" gave us five more points, and Harlan Pinkham showed with a good second in the "176" that he will be hard to beat. A very fast relay, consisting of Pinkham, Arena, Rittenburg, and Bowers won their race and should give us some hope for the future.

English Wins Over Latin In Quad Meet

January 27

Scoring 121 Points, Boston English in a quadrangular meet, raced to victory over the Purple, who garnered 85½ points, Memorial, with 61 Points, and Dorchester with 28 Points.

"Jake" Rahilly turned in the best performance for Latin by pulling up from third position with a late burst of speed to win the mile.

"Joe" Swirbalus was the only Class B winner taking the high jump with a 5-foot 6-inch leap.

Class C, however, proved to be the bulwark of the team, copping seven of eight events. "Bob" Rittenburg was again top scorer with 11¼ points, having swept the hurdles and high jump. "Fred" Smith won the 50 yard dash in six seconds flat.

"Harlan" Pinkham broke the tape in the "176" and Charles Arena copped the "220". Pinkham, Arena, Rittenburg, and Bowers combined to give us five more points in the relay, and "Li'l Buzz" Barton won the shotput with a 41 foot heave.

Latin Romps Over Rivals

February 3

The Latin School tracksters had a field day at the Armory as they piled up 155½ points to overwhelm their opponents. Trade, their closest competitor, had 61½ points, Commerce had 43, and Dorchester, 28.

The meet produced two double-winners for B. L. S. in "Bob" Rittenburg, who took the C hurdles and high jump, and Paul Rawlinson, who won the B "220" and high jump.

"Dave" Kelly broke the tape in the

50 yard hurdles, and "Jack" Goldberg took the broad jump. Footballer "Sid" Kane garnered 3 points for Latin in the shotput.

"Phil" Sullivan won the B hurdles, and "Frankie" Kelley sped across the finish line to win the 50 yard dash. "Dick" Lohrer won the B shotput and "Joe" Swirbalus took the high jump.

The Class C youngsters continued their winning ways, with "Fred" Smith copping the 50 yard dash, Harlan Pink-

ham taking the "176", and Charles Arena taking the "220". "Li'l Buzz" Barton's effort in the shotput gave us five additional points.

Latin might have won all three relays, but "Jack" Goldberg was unlucky and spilled on the first corner after taking the lead.

Latin Loses To Tech On Armory Boards

February 18

Technical High, racking up 102 points, displayed her supremacy in the Boston Conference by racing to victory in the final "quad" meet of the year. The battle for second place was settled when English, with 90¼ points, edged out Latin by a scant 5¼ points. Trade pulled up last with 17.

"Jack" Goldberg, copping the broad jump and a second in the hurdles, was the only A winner. "Jimmy" Jones ran a nice race, losing the "1000" by a mere five yards, and "Jake" Rahilly came up with 3 points in the mile.

"Joe" Swirbalus won the B high jump

and "Frankie" Kelley churned his way to a second in the 50 yard dash.

The Class C boys, featuring "Bob" Rittenburg, ran in their usual fine form, copping all of the running events. Rittenburg took the hurdles and high jump. "Fred" Smith broke the tape in the 50 yard dash, Pinkham won the "176" and Arena the "220". A potential record breaking relay team, consisting of Pinkham, Rittenburg, Arena, and Bowers won their race, easily. With an eye to the future, this group of speedsters could make B. L. S. a strong contender for the coveted "Reggies" crown.

Latin Wins The Reggies

The Purple and White of Public Latin School floated over the 101st Regimental Armory for the first time in the 41-year history of Regimental Track Meets as the Latin School boys, under the able supervision of Coaches FitzGerald and Carey, edged favored Technical 55 to 52½ before a capacity crowd.

Latin, paced by winners "Bob" Rittenburg, "Bob" Pinkham and "Chuck" Arena, pounded its way to a victory over the State Meet champions and the Northeastern titleholder with a record-smashing race in the Class C relay. Rittenburg, Pinkham, and Arena, teamed with "Herb" Singer, lowered the mark of 1 minute 23.5 seconds which they had set in the trials, with "Hal" Bowers running, to 1 minute 23.4 seconds. Bowers, who had qualified for the 220, running with one shoe off, was unable to compete because of the grippie.

Latin started its climb to the title in the opening race of the day, the 50-yard Class C hurdles. "Bob" Rittenburg won it with a record-equaling spurt of 6.8 seconds. "Bob" Pinkham and "Lenny" DeCordova then took first and third place respectively in the 176-yard run for seven big points. "Chuck" Arena took over from the start in the C 220 and flew to a record-tying 25.8 seconds, leaving

the rest of the field far behind him. In the C field events, Rittenburg broke the high-jump record with a leap of 5 feet 6⅝ inches. "Buzzer" Barton won the C shotput for five more valuable points.

In Class B we didn't get a single point in the running events, but in the field events, "Jumping Joe" Swirbalus won the high jump, while "Dick" Lohrer placed second in the shotput.

Class A brought some pleasant surprises as "Jack" Goldberg, recently elected captain, sped to a second behind "Don" Shelton of Memorial, who broke the hurdles record with a 6.7 seconds effort. "Dave" Kelly took a fourth, although he seemed to have gotten a bad start. In the 1000, "Jimmy" Jones ran a perfectly paced race; and although he finished second, he extended "Big Ed" Reid of Brighton, all 6 feet 3 inches of him, to the utmost. At the finish, "Jimmy" was but 7 yards behind. The only scorer in the field events was Capt. Jack Goldberg, who captured the broad jump.

All these points, coupled with the medley relay team's three points gave us a slim 50-to-49½ lead over Technical. The medley relay team consisted of "Len" DeCordova of Class C, "Frankie" Kelly of Class B, and "Jim" Jones and

"Ed" Dempsey of Class A.

Interest was at its high point as the teams entered the relay running. Latin, with a 50-to-49½ lead practically won the meet right here on the sturdy legs of the Class C record-breaking team. Tech finished third in the same event, and the score was 55 to 51½. Tech's only chance to win was to win the Class A relay. Latin boys sat this one out, and many prayers were answered as Tech tried-

and failed-to win. Latin was then the champion for the first time in forty-one years of trying.

I know I am speaking for the whole team and school when I say "thanks a million" to Coaches FitzGerald and Carey for spending many dreary afternoons in molding this great team. Thanks also to "Greg" Kavanaugh, who did an able job as manager.

The following boys received their letters in football this year:

Joseph; Albert; Molloy; Jeon; Kelly; Rosenthal; Bethoney; T. Walsh; McHale; Carter; Fox; Recko; Cooper; Goldberg; Cleary; Hanson; Kangas; Jones; Simches; Taylor; White; Toyias; Irons; Konigsberg; Lynch, O'Connell, Semans; McNally; Vena; Barton; Skinner; Graham; Monafio; Kent; Wolff; Buckley; O'Brien; Kane; Dempsey; Markoff; Wilson; R. Walsh; Doyle; Fennessey; Looney.

Alumni Notes

By SEYMOUR E. COOPERSMITH, '49

On December 7, 1948, Buckner Gamby, '48, gave a piano concert at Jordan Hall. His recital was sponsored by friends interested in furthering his musical education. Buckner, a student in the New England Conservatory of Music, was given a tremendous ovation, and acclaimed as a pianist whose interpretive powers are seldom equaled in one so young.

Sumner D. Charm, '33, has recently written a book entitled "Wage Policy for Management." This book, which discusses the problems of wage negotiations and techniques for their solution, was published by Funk and Wagnall.

We are glad to announce that Sheldon Dietz, former star center on the Harvard football team, '37, has been elected to the Board of Directors and is now Assistant Vice-President in charge of sales at G. S. Harvale and Company, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York.

We are proud that Laurence E. Bunker, '20, is still on active duty as Aide to General Douglas MacArthur.

Harold B. Bernstein, '43, was among 55 students at Brown University honored for scholastic achievement during the academic year 1947-1948 . . . Prof. Philip Taft of the department of Economics gave the principal address and Cr. Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University, presided and read the names of the men being honored.

Frederick W. Roche, '32, was recently congratulated by Governor Paul Dever, '19, after he was sworn in as the new Housing Commission Chairman. Mr. Roche not only won classical honors as a student, but also was second baseman on the baseball team for two years.

On January 8, 1949, the *Saturday Evening Post* printed a story by Major Robert P. Steptoe, who graduated with the class of 1932. We take great pride in Major Steptoe, who, carried sightless from the battlefields of Europe, would not surrender to his affliction. He tells the dramatic story of how an operation of corneal transplanting has finally given him perfect vision in one eye.

Our Governor

By PAUL DONAHUE, '49



—Bell

On Wednesday afternoon, March second, three nervous boys—Robert Goldstein, "*Register*" editor, Alan Bell, staff photographer, and your reporter, who had arranged an appointment to interview Governor Paul A. Dever, sat in the Executive Offices of the State House awaiting their turn to meet the Governor. When that moment came, we were ushered into the Governor's private office and were greeted by his Excellency in a most cordial manner. He was ready to proceed with our interview.

Paul A. Dever, a resident of Cambridge, was born January 15, 1903, in Boston. After attending the Oliver Wendell Holmes Grammar School in Dorchester, he entered Boston Public Latin School in 1915. During his four-year course here, he was a very good student, having been awarded both the Classical and Fidelity prizes and ranking high in his graduating class of 1919. In his Junior year his homeroom master was our former Headmaster, Joseph Lawrence Powers, then head of the Mathematics Department.

In recalling his Latin School days, the Governor said that most of his classmates considered the course a "grind." He worked after school hours, delivering

packages, but spent from two and one-half to three hours each night on his homework. Studying came rather easily to him, and thus he was able to maintain a high scholastic average in spite of his work after school. He never took drill while at Latin School, for a rule in existence at that time, which exempted students under ninety pounds, applied to the Governor. "Quite a difference now," remarked the Governor, with a wry grin, gazing downward expressively.

Being one of a family of seven children whose father had died, he had to go to work after graduating from Latin School instead of beginning college; so he obtained employment in the shoe store for which he had delivered packages. At the same time, however, he took evening courses in the study of law at Boston University for one year. Developing a desire to continue his studies in the law field, he changed to the day course, was graduated in 1926, and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar the same year. Two years later, he entered politics and was elected a Representative, in which office he served until 1934, when he was elected Attorney-General at the age of thirty-one. He continued in this office until 1940, when he ran unsuccessfully for the office of Governor against Leverett Saltonstall. In November, 1948, Paul A. Dever was elected to the office of Governor. He revealed that he had always known that he would be Governor, even in his very early youth, when he first started reading the political columns. When termed an optimist by your reporter, he rejoined: "True, but a purposeful one."

Asked why he chose Latin School for his secondary school, he replied that he believed it to be "the best" and holds the same opinion today. Asked whether his Latin School training had helped him during his career, he replied that it had definitely benefited him and felt that it would benefit anybody in whatever field he chose. Governor Dever also expressed the opinion that the youth of today, in spite of easier circumstances, is just as purposeful as and more likely to succeed than the youth of a generation ago be-

cause of much better social economic conditions. If called upon to address the students, the Governor said he would choose as his theme; "The Place of Educated Men in Politics."

Of special interest to Class II should be the fact that plans are under way to increase the freshman enrollment at the University of Massachusetts by four or five hundred next year, in order to accommodate some high school graduates who are qualified to enter, but, owing to the limitations of the fully accredited colleges,

cannot gain admittance.

Well, there it is: a glimpse of the recollections, opinions, and plans of the man who is to be Governor of our Commonwealth for the next two years. Another son of Latin School has made good. It is for us of the future to live up to the standards which he and the many other illustrious graduates of our school have established. With examples of such notable men to encourage us, we must not fail.

Something of Interest

By MARK OZER, '49 AND WILLIAM MCINTYRE, '49

The Christmas Assembly—the product of the combined efforts of the Dramatics Club, the Glee Club, and the musical organizations of the school—was presented on December 23, 1948 . . . The assembly was highlighted by the award to Richard J. Walsh (302) of the Charles E. W. Grinnell Memorial Scholarship . . . A feature of the morning was a play entitled "Augustus and the Christmas Tree", written by Latin School's answer to the Theatre Guild, those enterprising playwrights Alan J. Bell (304) and Burton G. Malkiel (301).

The Music Appreciation Club offers a carefully selected program of recordings of the masters on alternate Monday afternoons. Mr. Julius G. Finn, the helpful Faculty Adviser, and Chester W. Ford (301), Robert E. Sheffield (301), Melvin Croan (301), and Donald A. Poto (301), who serve respectively as President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, are to be congratulated for their excellent work.

The Washington-Lincoln exercises were held on February 18, 1949. Leon F. Markoff (301), the President of the Senior Class, read, as is traditional, Washington's Farewell Address. Essays on the lives of Washington and Lincoln were read by Sidney Shapiro (304) and William J. McIntire (303) . . . In true Latin School fashion, not one, but two original plays were presented. The first production was "With Malice Toward None", by the team of Burton L. Cooper (302) and Marshall S. Spiller (301). Shortly thereafter, "Father of the Land We Love", authored by Burton G. Malkiel (301) and Alan J. Bell (304), was

put on. Commendations go to actors, writers, and all others who were connected with these highly laudable enterprises . . . Appropriate musical selections completed the afternoon's program.

Burton G. Malkiel (301) ably represented the school on March 2, 1949 at the Suffolk County district final contest of the nationwide American Legion Oratorical Contest after winning several previous trials.

Thus far, Mr. Albert J. Van Steenberg's Chess Club has won eight out of the ten games that it has played. It now appears that it will gain second position in the Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League. President Sidney M. Herbert (303), Vice-President Herbert A. Davidson (307), Secretary Otto J. Kallmes (307), and Treasurer Leon Ash (307) hold the executive positions in this year's club.

Under the skillful tutelage of Mr. Max Levine, the French Club presents a diversified and stimulating program of meetings. During the course of this year, lectures on many aspects of French life and civilization have been given by the earnest members of Le Cercle Francais. The recently appointed officers, all of la salle 301, are: Burton G. Malkiel, President; Stanley L. Cohen, Vice-President; and Colman W. Kraft, Secretary.

On January 12, 1949, a Junior Town Meeting was held on the subject "Should a Junior College Be Established in Boston?" The speakers were Donald L. Shapiro (303), Mark N. Ozer (302), Neil P. O'Keefe (306), William F. Looney (302), Joseph P. Sullivan (235), and John F. Ridge (118).



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MORGAN

Nov. 25: The turkey seemed to taste just a little better this year. The stuffing had a mite more flavor. "Charlie" and his men had come through with our first victory over English in six years!

Nov. 26: Guess that stuffing had a bit more flavor than I thought . . . Ooooooh . . . my poor stomach!

Nov. 29: *Heard in a classroom:*

Pupil: But sir, you can't give us a test today . . . It's the day after a holiday . . . It's unprepared . . .

Teacher: Oooops! Guess that stuffing was a little too rich!

Nov. 30: *Wanted:*

8 light-footed boys to serve as reindeer in the forthcoming X-mas play!

Dec. 1: *Heard after a stiff math test:*

Moe: Did you get that last problem in the math test?

Shmoe: No, but I was close!

Moe: Well, how close were you?

Shmoe: Oh, about two seats away!

Dec. 3: The students in the first four classes have been seeing so many "T" films that they're suffering from battle fatigue!

Dec. 2: The R. R. R. was informed by Mr. Dunn that he must transport his body beautiful to Vantine's before the Christmas vacation if he wishes to have his classic physiognomy adorn the pages of this year's *Liber Actorum*.

Dec. 4: They say that the College Board questions are going to be very tricky this year. For example: What would a well-known Latin School teacher pay for a Vergil translation book? *Answer:* \$1.50.

Dec. 5: Immediately after the distribution of rifles in the drill period, sealed orders were delivered to each B. L. S. cadet: "First Battalion will attack from the 114 stairway . . . Second Battalion will approach along the notoriously inhabited 115 corridor . . . Third Battalion will advance by way of the Teacher's Room . . . Scouts will be placed inside the corner locker-room and . . ."

But boys, aren't you carrying Student Government too far?

Dec. 7: Pearl Harbor Day . . . It's awfully hard to think of something funny today . . . We can only express the hope that future RRR's will never have to recall another such day . . .

Dec. 8: Ye RRR is rather confused by the numerous arrows on the stairways . . . Some point to the right, some point to the left, and others point straight up . . . and some mornings I feel hat I can do that too . . .

Dec. 9: *BULLETIN:*

Henceforth students will count in the following order: "5-6-1-2-3-4" . . . They're not satisfied to switch one period . . . Oh, no! . . . They have to switch two and rearrange the whole schedule!

Dec. 10: After listening to today's Declamation, I have resolved that, "You're a better mahn than oi alm. Gunga DUNN . . .!"

Dec. 14: In our bulletin today, it was fully explained just *what* no school signals apply to our school. It seems that we are not included in Elementary Schools, Grammar Schools, Colleges, Reformatories, or Miss Parkinson's Day School for underprivileged mil-

- lionare's sons . . . And this building is completely fireproof, too! I'm afraid it's going to be a lo-ooo-oooo-ng winter!
- Dec. 15:* The Bowling Club has shown such great promise that they have challenged the faculty to a match. At last, here's a chance to get even.
(*Censor's Note:* Oh, yeah?)
- Dec. 16:* Boys planning to take the Scholastic Aptitude Examinations in January are being instructed after school how to become scholastically apt.
- Dec. 17:* Are you wet when you step out of a shower? Are you tired when you don't sleep for 48 hours (just like us)? If you don't eat for two days, do pangs of hunger begin to gnaw? The Literary Staff of the *Register* wants you . . .
(Flee on feathered foot to Room 228).
- Dec. 21:* Marks are again about to close and the spirit of the season prevails among the masters . . . we hope!
- Dec. 22:* The librarian at Copley Square wanted to know if I wanted Livy in the original Latin! (Ha . . . silly girl!)
- Dec. 23:* "*Augustus:* Martin! Martin! Where the deuce are you? (*wheels around*)
Martin: (*follows close upon the Old Man's coat tails . . . both are perplexed but do not notice each other*)
"Yes, Sir? . . ."
Congratulations, Burt and Al for the best play we've seen in many a year . . . and a good sendoff on our . . .
- Dec. 24:* Vacation: Merry Christmas . . . z-z-z-z-z Happy New Year.
- Jan. 2:*
- Jan. 3:* Getting back to the old grind is like stepping under a cold shower . . . Yipes!
- Jan. 4:* Lament of a Latin School Senior: Refused at Harvard, refused at B. U.; I've even tried Wellesley and Simmons too.
If I'm rejected at Tufts and B. C., I'll come back to Latin and take a P.G.
- Jan. 5:* *Heard in a French Class:*
Teacher: That's wonderful! You're speaking French like a native . . . A native American!
- Jan. 6:* A meeting of all the seniors not applying to Harvard was held in the telephone booth outside the office.
- Jan. 7:* All track candidates were called out today. The R. R. R. thought about running, but rejected the idea since it would be bad for his smoking.
- Jan. 10:* Now it can be told! The new lunchroom ordinance is as follows: Students will report to their assigned tables at the beginning of lunch, where they will be chained for the remainder of the period.
- Jan. 11:* Today we played the third basketball game on the schedule, with Trade . . . Yes, we're going places I'm sure . . . Where? . . . Hmmm!
- Jan. 12:* The Spelin B kuntest wuz helt tудaye. Ye RRR stil duz'nt no Y sum-budie ellze wunn!!
- Jan. 13:* The boys of the Bowling Club absorb culture every Friday as they pass Symphony Hall on the way to the Huntington Alleys. That's about the only thing they pass all month.
- Jan. 14:* Well, fourth Public Declamation today. You know, you can almost tell the time of year by counting the declamations.
- Jan. 15:* Those four letters which send a shiver up and down every Senior's spine (C.E.E.B.) are here again. Let's see—The Special Delivery truck carrying the examinations to the Test Center leaves at 7:00 A. M. . . . Now if we used six sticks of T. N. T. . . . Oh, shucks, it's no use . . .
- Jan. 17:* In anticipation of a visit from the Dean of Admissions at Harvard, the more ambitious Seniors are getting crew haircuts and learning to pronounce it "Hawvuhd".
- Jan. 18:* Basketball today—Technical at Boston Garden . . . Oh, well, anything for an early dismissal.
- Jan. 19:* After witnessing the grunting and groaning in Room 226, a prominent sports promoter wants to televise the action at the Latin School wrestling matches. Feature attraction—Room 115 vs. Room 203—a battle royal.
- Jan. 20:* We have it on good authority that the reason for poor attendance in the school on Thursdays is due to the change of shows at several popular theaters.
- Jan. 21:* Boys who break the lunchroom rules will be put on rations of bread and water. Well, that's better than some food we've seen.
- Jan. 22:* Recently, a room on the second floor was found locked, and the key was missing. The dilemma was solved when the master slipped through the keyhole and opened the door from the inside.

Jan. 23: All the Seniors hoping to go to Harvard listened to a talk by Dr. Gummere, Chairman of Admissions, and left reassured (that they would never get into Harvard).

Jan. 26: Overheard in a Latin class:

Master: "Why did the Gauls try to capture Hannibal's elephants when he was crossing the Alps?"

Class Intellectual: "Maybe they were trying to start a circus?"

Jan. 27: Overheard in an English class:

Mr. Russo: "Give me a sentence with the word 'bewitches' in it."

Class Wit: "Go ahead; I'll bewitches in a minute."

Jan. 28: "Mike" Laserson, the eminent sportswriter and lover, wants to be a census taker. He heard that the census embraces 30,000,000 women.

Jan. 31: The Class V and VI basketball team seems to be showing up its older brother. If the boys can only stay in the school long enough, we'll have some championship teams.

Feb. 1: Watch out for this one. It's a "quickie".

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner—
B. O.

Feb. 2: Joe: "I was running down the street when something fell on my head."

Shmoe: "What was it?"

Joe: "Me!"

Feb. 3: When the pupils were assigned the task of writing an essay on "the most beautiful thing I've ever seen", one smart Latin School scholar handed his paper in first with astonishing speed . . . It was short and to the point . . . "The most beautiful thing I've ever seen was too beautiful for words."

Feb. 4: The boys of the lower classes were informed that their best friend is their home-room teacher. We always thought that the proverb went, "Man's best friend is his dog."

Feb. 5: All lights went out today before the beginning of the fifth period, and school was dismissed in the dark. We were led to safety by a physics teacher with a luminous bow tie.

Feb. 8: The weatherman says, "Winter seems to be coming to a close early this year—Spring draws on!"

Feb. 9: After a certain Senior was asked why he was taking the Social Studies Exam, in the College Boards,

Mr. Dunn received the confident reply, "Why not? I know all about girls."

Feb. 10: Before taking his physical for the R.O.T.C., a Senior found that he was underweight. He spent the entire morning in the lunchroom eating beans.

Feb. 11: A Sixth Classman came home with a grievously bad report card.

"Oh dear," said his mother . . . "what's the trouble?"

"There isn't any trouble," said the Sixie; "you know how it is yourself—Things are always marked down after a holiday."

Feb. 14: Rumors have it that Mr. Russo is going around the school with a fine-toothed comb (first time he's used one in twenty years) looking for actors for his annual school production . . . "The Late Christopher Bean" . . .

Feb. 16: Heard in Room 235:

Master: "Today you will write a theme on what you would do if you had a million dollars."

All busied themselves writing . . . all, that is, except Willy . . .

The Chief then said (put that book down, Mr. Marson): "Willy, you're supposed to tell what you'd do if you had a million dollars."

"Well," said Willy, leaning lazily back in his chair, "This is exactly what I'd do if I had a million dollars."

Feb. 17: Maybe it's just coincidence, but one of Mr. Carroll's key men in the lunchroom just came down with appendicitis. Too many Hoodsies, Earl?

Feb. 18: Ye RRR hears that of the essays submitted for the holiday exercises, two entitled, "Washington, the Man" and "Washington, the Soldier" were accepted. What happened to the one, "Washington the Baseball Team."

Feb. 19-26: Busy busy, busy . . . They call it a vacation! Hah! Just barely had time to quietly rejoice over the hockey team's triumph . . .

P.S. Deadline . . .

P.P.S. Put that knife . . . I mean book down . . . Mr. Marson . . .

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